

CAVALCADE

March, 1952

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Registered at the G.P.O., Sydney, for transmission by post as a periodical.



A THOUSAND MARCHING CORPSES — Page 4

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Cavalcade

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VOL. 15, No. 4

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Owned by Cavalcade Newspapers Ltd., Monmouth Street, Farnsworth, for the proprietors, Cavalcade Magazine Pty Ltd, 54 Young Street, Sydney, to which company all material should be addressed. **EDITOR** J. G. GILFILLAN. **EDITOR-IN-CHIEF** produced by the K. G. Murray Publishing Co Pty Ltd, Sydney. **MANAGER** BEN G. MURRAY. • Editor, JACK HENDERSON • General Manager, ROSE T. SMITH • Cartoon Editor, ALBERT A. MURRAY • Production, WALTER EDWARDS • Business Manager, WALTER T. CHARLES • Proofreader, JOHN MURPHY • Circulation Manager, COLLETT SPICER. Wholesale Distributors, Graham and Gordon (Austral Ltd).

ADVERTISING
COLIN A. FITZPATRICK Pty Ltd, 54 Young Street, Sydney, 2051. • RUTH G. MARSHALL, 40 Elizabeth Street, Melbourne, Cent. 1600. • ANDREW L. SKEARBY, 314 Church Street, Sydney, North, Cent. 1600.

If ever a Court of Conscience is set up to administer justice, it will have some historic case-histories to study

CEDRIC R. WENTPLAY



A 1,000 MARCHING CORPSES

TODAY, when it is fairly easy to hate a man merely because of his nationality, it is worth remembering that every dictator who ever lived took it out first, last, and all the time on his own people. It was Goebbels' testimony which finally assured that the Hitler gang reserved no doubts in ever killing and let millions see

committed before a Court of Conscience, it will be Russians who will comfort them—but many of the witnesses will already have given their testimony in a higher Court.

In the early summer of 1945, in Austria and Yugoslavia, I saw more thousands of these last victims than any one group history, the Case of the Thousand Missing Carpois—and all I can get it into your heads that I saw this, checked it, know it to be true in every detail. Then this article will have accomplished something.

In the fighting around Grol late in 1942 a Russian army corps was forced to surrender. The Germans headed the dusty German armyway southward in a long march through the snow. By the time they reached Weidberg, in Austria, two months later, three thousand without skeletons were left. More men returned

that arrived, for Weidberg was better known as Styling XVIII, and it was already well filled with British, Australians and New Zealanders from Greece and Crete, Funchinham, and prisoners of half a dozen other nations.

Healed together, turned with one-blended to four men in the sub-zero cold, fed on cabbage-water and potatoes, the Russians and the first Choleski slaves completed the work of extermination. When I reached Weidberg there were four graves in the Russian cemetery on the hill above the camp—and each grave contained five hundred men.

The stabbings once over the war was, and reaped the beauty of Polish regions, Dutch landscapes, and Soviet parades parade while they smiled resignation. Not all were so lucky. I passed through rows of close-board huts filled with living men for whom graves had already been dug. Their permanent-convicted skeletons rustled heavily. Nighttime lanes writhed towards us. Paper-thin lips twitched, and eyes burned like guttering candle-flames. I saw Dechen and Barchenwald, but nothing more horrible than this.

That afternoon the Russian corps arrived—a Colonel and three others from the Soviet General Tukhachev's force which had penetrated as far as Grol. The colonel asked only one question of John Ledgard: was Y.M.C.A. men from Danubian, New Zealand, who, as one of the senior prisoners, had become camp commander.

Had the Russians been treated by the Allies in the same way as the other prisoners? His inspection investigated only that point. He looked no other showed no interest in the men. Finally he told John that he had no fault to find.

"My men will move tomorrow," he

added. "Arrange for the proper number of trucks to be here at dawn."

"But—many of these men are still sick!" protested John. "Why not let them rest here and regain their strength?"

Seeing the unresponsive face, he shouted and turned to the telephone. From Major-General C. E. West, a New Zealander in command of the British 4th (Crested) Division, he obtained a promise of transport.

That night there were two parties in Weidberg. At the Russian delegation, numerous quantities of German guests, which has a family resemblance to vodka and point-counterpoint, were put away. At the other, Russian men's women—creased by one bottle of beer each—in deep harmony sang Russian folk-songs. No words were exchanged between the parties.

At dawn, a column of twenty-six three-ton trucks waited outside the camp. The Russian prisoners lined up before them.

Ignoring his fellow-countrymen, the Russian colonel inspected each one of the long line of vehicles. Then he turned to John Ledgard.

"Ten may drive the trucks? My men will march!"

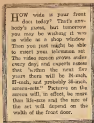
"But it's order to Grol! Half these men are ready to drop now!" stammered John.

"No matter. Your responsibility is ended. They will march!"

And march they did, as they had shuffled through the snow to Weidberg so very long ago, while truck-drivers guided their guns in Grolsky fury and Australians and New Zealanders rolled out their colonial aid.

But the nightmare was not yet over. John went across to where the Russian colonel was getting into his German car.

"It will be some time, days even, before these men reach Grol," he said. "We would be glad to take back



to them on the road."

"Not necessary," said the colonel.

"Er—I suppose you have plenty of food and shelter for them when they reach China?"

The colonel regarded him coldly before replying: "These men surrendered at Orel, at a time when Marshal Stalin decreed there would be no surrender by Russian troops. Therefore they are traitors. They will be shot!"

At that time the Russians were on Allen's victory. At Yalta, Churchill and Roosevelt had agreed to a demand by Stalin that every Soviet citizen who had left Russia after 1939 should be delivered back into his hands.

In the face of it there was simply nothing at all that we could do. On every European front British and American troops implemented the agreement by sending into Russian-occupied territory everyone of Russian nationality. The heavily-guarded borders swallowed them—but in these early days there were gaps in what

later became "The Iron Curtain."

I still have a story which I picked up on the Great road, a heavy Comanche robe which was tossed at my feet by a warlike warrior on his way to death.

Out off in the early lighting, the Comanche and his comrades had decided to fight for the Germans against Stalin. They were royalists — and rascals and they wildly changed sides. This warlike race of trained horsemen has never taken kindly to domination. When the war was over, they surrendered to the British but there was no chance that war.

At the crossroads beyond Wolfheim they discarded their weapons—Stalin succeeded to the right, entrance to the left. Further on, these columns of broad-shouldered men with slavy faces tossed their robes into another pile. Last to go were the hats flared like with the scarlet crests.

Being horsebacked in the spring day, they reached the border. The border guards crested at them and searched these long Russian sub-machine guns. One threw his weapon to his shoulder, went "Er-o-o-o" as he traversed the picketing line, and worked at us. The Comanche moved on.

Even then I did not believe it. I was not long before I obtained confirmation.

Three of us, including John A. Murphy of Wolfington, New Zealand, and Lieutenant R. F. Sawyer of the Indian Army, contacted the Russian—The line as far as Marshal's, where Stalin XVIII was located. Our mission was to find and claim, if possible, Western Allied prisoners of war.

Just outside the city the road turned for some miles along the bank of the swiftly-flowing Dnieper river. From the time we entered that straight stretch we noted that the roadside

was stacked with orderly heaps of German uniforms.

We looked down, and the hazy at the back of our minds began to run.

Each pile consisted of the complete clothes of one man — boots, trousers, socks, blouse, trousers, undershirt, and Wehrmacht cap. There was no other explanation. An army of men, standing in orderly ranks with their backs to the river, had stripped themselves naked here.

The piles of clothes had not been there long, for no dew had fallen upon them. Thousands of rotund and emaciated men could not march far, yet there was no trace of them. The only marker lay in the river itself, and in the machine-guns of the Russian and Yugoslav troops who camped on the other side of the road.

Who were these men? We did not know—but back in America some days before we had seen thousands of Italians in German uniforms marching back to Russian-held territory under British escort. They had been prisoners, forced into German labor battalions by the threat of torture and starvation. As such they were no more guilty of treachery than were our men whom the Japanese compelled to work on roads and railroads.

On a windup downstream I saw our mixed bodies. The nationality of a corpse is hard to determine, so I do not know that they were Russians. Of the many thousands who were sent that deep river, few if any could ever be identified. Perhaps that was why they were unable to shed their clothes.

I have often asked myself since then why the Russians were so ruthless with their own, and why Stalin utilized the aid of British and Americans to make sure that not one of his subjects should escape his clutches.



THE GUV'NER'S LADY

ROCKED 'EM



If Sorell hadn't interfered with the gentry's finances, his delicate private life might have been accepted without comment.

EDWARD ANDREWS

COLONEL WILLIAM SORELL was the ablest Governor of Van Diemen's Land history, but he made one fatal error—the lady who presided at Government House herself was not his wife.

The civility of Van Diemen's Land had never complained about Sorell's prodigies. Colonel Davey, even when the authorities dissuaded him for drunkenness, general corruption and profligacy.

But then, Davey had never interfered with the colonial gentry's private methods of making money. Unfortunately, however—both from

the effects on himself and on the colonial gentry—this was exactly what Colonel Sorell was inspired to do.

In those days, the financial methods of the bourgeoisie of Van Diemen's Land were peculiar. In any the least about it. And not merely the way clothes were done in the shops; making the military and the Civil Service were also following in the same. In real cases, more than work day.

Then returns were pleasantly lucrative and, though it was clear and which they were doing, it was paid. and they were extremely

reluctant to have their hands washed clean of it either by themselves or by anyone else.

They watched with dismay while their new Governor began to expose strict colonial tendencies. At first, perhaps, they may have seemed him as just another new boss, intent on sweeping clean the accounts, but which would tend to lay and some with less confidence as immediate dominion later.

When, however, Sorell showed no inclination to desert from his sweeping, the colonial gentry came to the tremendous decision that enough is always as good as too much. and that they must take steps.

After a short period for plotting and conspiring (in which they entered the usual disorganization of a guilty person trying to put some version of crime on a man who was perfectly innocent), they hit on a plan.

Unable to attack the reforming Sorell on his public life, his enemies aimed on his private life to break him.

A public meeting in Hobart pointed out that a Mrs Kent lived with the Governor in Government House. This meeting declared, was on "Tactics to Public Morality."

Even the Colonial Office, notoriously slow, could not ignore public meetings of that kind. Sorell's recall was inevitable.

Sorell could have sought trouble by keeping his relations with Mrs Kent strict or by overlooking the occupation of Hobart's leading citizens. He was too honest a man for either course.

Day-by-day Sorell's several troubles would be adjusted by a divorce court without hurting his career or his moral standing. But divorce, in the early nineteenth century was almost impossible.

Sorell's indiscretion ruined his

prospects in the colony. When he lived that down had begun another career as colonial administrator, it ruined him again.

Sorell was not a prophetic man as Davey was. But, at the intervals of his brilliant military career in the West Indies, Holland and Spain, he had married unwisely.

His strained relations with his wife did not prevent him from raising seven children—the one had strong views on a husband's rights—but the marriage was an obvious failure.

When Sorell was transferred to Capetown in 1807, he left his wife and family behind and gave them an allowance from his army pay.

In Capetown he met Mrs Kent, the wife of a junior officer. When Kent returned to England Sorell followed him—and Mrs Kent left her husband.

Kent promptly sued Sorell on the ground of old charge of sexual conversation and won £2000 damages.

Sorell, a colonel at 33, when the British army was being built up for its final battle with Napoleon, had brilliant prospects.

He was forced to resign his commission and settled down as a country cottage with pretty Mrs. Kent and what was left of his money.

After 18 wasted years, the authorities gave Sorell another chance. Whatever his relations with Mrs Kent were, the Colonial Office decided, they were not as bad as Davey's habit of stopping drunken parties with correct men and women.

Sorell arrived in Hobart to find the colony in a very bad way indeed. The public offices were riddled with corruption.

Many of the leading crimes were involved in spent amputing, knowing their friends as the bench would protect them. There was defalcation over the sale of private lands; convicts were treated abominably.

THE LETTER OF THE LAW

10— "A Policeman's Lot Is Not A Happy One!"

A Maggot meandering through town

left gardeners pointed with thought,
she was wearing a Vagabond
Gown —
with no visible means of support

— JAY-PAY

And bushwangers indented the roads and hills. One had written to Dewey shortly before, a letter addressed "From the Governor of the Mountains to the Governor of the Town."

The drunken Dewey had laughed at this and done nothing.

Serrall set to work to stamp out the bushwangers. By the end of his seven years at Robert the bushwanger menace had vanished.

He reformed the whole administration of slaves and ordered that prisoners should be given clean shirts and shaved twice a week. The female prisoners, who were ordered to work for the men, did not approve, but the male prisoners were pleased with his new, humane regulations.

Serrall also cleaned up the public service. This costed him "more trouble and personal annoyance than even suppressing the bushwangers."

All in all, his immediate superior, Governor Lockie Macquarie, at Sydney, was delighted with Serrall's administration and wrote him a reported letter of praise.

Even Commissioner Hagen, who came to investigate the whole administration of the colonies, overlooked his private troubles.

From the start, Serrall had lived openly and frankly with Mrs. Kent. He introduced her to his subordinates as his wife and took her to all public functions—even to the opening of a new church.

It was this which struck at the hearts of the angry gentlemen whose profits had been disturbed by Serrall's reforms.

Among the gentlemen who had been dismissed from office was Anthony Fern Kemp.

He immediately began to write a series of outraged letters to Macquarie, Lord Bathurst and the Bishop of London. These letters assumed a high moral tone.

"The Vice itself can be excused there is yet a certain Display of it, a certain Oubliage to Deceit and Violation of Public Decency which, for the Benefit of Society, should not be forgiven."

"It is not that Lieutenant Governor Serrall keeps Mrs. Kent privately but that he constantly attends her abroad. It is not the gross indecency of which I complain but the Public Indecency."

"It is inevitable to see the Highest Authority in the Island living in a Public state of Concubinage. An evil example to the Rising Generation."

"All the Respectable Married Individuals cherish the fond hope that Your Lordship will advocate the cause of Morality in the Plantations Island."

"Mrs. Kent is publicly pointed about the Governor as an European bought at Government Expense, according to Public Decency."

Governor Macquarie, though a man

of great personal rectitude, ignored Kemp's letter.

But Bathurst, the Colonial Secretary, wrote to Serrall asking for an explanation.

Serrall wrote back a straightforward, merely letter. His relations with Mrs. Kent were well-known at the time of his appointment, he said, and a full account had appeared in the newspapers at the time of the demands put by Lieutenant Kent.

He drew attention to his years of good service in the army and as governor.

Serrall also invited Kemp to Government House, introduced him to Mrs. Kent and their five children and explained the position.

Kemp was obviously sorry for the row his letters had started.

When news came through that

Serrall would be recalled, citizens who approved of his reforms called another public meeting.

They subscribed £112—a big sum for those days—as a testimonial to his work. The man who moved the resolution was Anthony Fern Kemp.

Lord Bathurst, advising Serrall's administration arranged that he should have a pension of £400 a year—which he drew for 24 years.

And the rank and file of Robert were even surer. The lieutenant Serrall was replaced by the sainted Governor Arthur.

But there were no illegal letters in Government House on which the gentry could base an attack on the harsh Governor.

Van Dommor's land had to get up with Arthur for his full term.



BRIDGES

that kill themselves



Next time you're travelling the highway and you have to cross a bridge, be sure you're not whistling in the dark.

ATHOL YERGMAN

SIDEWALKERS of a random train of mind who travel across the Harbour Bridge every day will be surprised—or diverted—to speculate on the chance of the exotic structure giving up the ghost and falling spontaneously into the harbour.

As a stimulus to their thoughts, these amateur ghosts might ponder the events of January 31st, last year, and consider what happened to the 3-million dollar bridge across the river between Montreal and Quebec City.

That day-even, a third of a mile long, was opened in 1916, with the usual fanfare of headlines, press parades on engineering (span and

project) and politicians' promises.

Three years later, on January 11, four spans fell unceremoniously out of the bridge into the ice-covered river. So did four cars and they *divers*. The rescuers found the bodies easily enough, because the headlights were still shining under the water.

Survivors? Three suddenly-colored fifteen-year juveniles were rescued from a boat which had landed on its gas floe.

The residents had hardly been shocked.

And that is only one example. Despite modern engineering, bridge crashes are not so rare as you may think. Take the 36-million pre-war dollar Tacoma suspension bridge in Washington State (1984).

It was a bridge to end all bridges.

Winds and forestry, it scored a note across the waters of Puget Sound. The central span was a shock on the long side of half a mile.

When finished, it was the third longest suspension bridge in the world.

Everything was designed for strength and lightness. The tall towers rose 420 stories feet into the air, and the main cables supported the thinnest deck ever constructed over such a length.

Opening day was most impressive—and very windy with words: "It will stand for hundreds of years," was the day's most popular platitude. Having survived the blasts of politicians on that July day in 1955, Tacoma seemed to have every chance of enduring the hammering of the years unscathed.

In fact, everything went along smoothly until the locals noticed that the bridge bucked and jumped when the wind came rushing up across the Sound. It was not the gentle swaying of a suspension bridge, but a skittering, bucking, jumping motion under the feet.

So, the attorney—inevitably—named the bridge "Galloping Gertie." The few nervous-minded who thought that 24 million's worth of bridge should stay in the same place began to harass the devoted engineers.

Then pessimists dragged off the citizenship books as the witnesses of human and pointed out that the bridge was a flexible structure, which no wind on earth could harm.

Only one man didn't budge. He was D. H. Stammers, a bridge architect who had previously struck trouble with bucking bridges. He offered to show the sceptical how to stop Gertie from Galloping. Affronted, the experts blockily refused. Wouldn't they conducting wind-tunnel tests with a scale model of the

land? Stammers dropped the whole business—there were plenty of other people who valued his services and would enter to employ him.

So the whole half-mile of Gertie's visible span went on galloping.

Four months after the bridge was opened—on December 7—another breeze came up across the sound, causing juddering sidewalks to start jolting for their boats. Gertie, of course, began to dance.

And her keepers noticed that this time the motion was a little different. Several points on the span were rising and falling three feet at a time—48 times a minute. Moreover, combined with the usual swamping, these peak-to-the-peak waves made it difficult for traffic to cross. The keepers closed the gate. The motion slowly worsened.

Engineers made no bones that they expected the worst and hurried to the bridge. As the news spread, reporters and worried assurances also arrived.

The wind was measured and found to be about 40 mph. Its peak was a gust of 60 mph.

It had to happen. At last something gave way and Gertie ran amuck. Huge waves, like rollers of a good surf, started to creep along the bridge. The roadway periodically heaved skywards and dropped sickeningly. The waves were 20 feet high and went on continuously.

A nervous momentary and it was the most tragic and expensive sight he had ever seen.

There was no doubt about it. Gertie was dying, leaning head-to-pier.

At 10:30, a shock fell out of her centre. At 11 a 300-foot length of roadway went. Ten minutes later the whole half-mile span plummeted 100 feet to its grave beneath.

Several regulations were lifted at the same time, and the insurance

Believe it or not, Hollywood seems to be suddenly becoming economy-conscious. Current runtimes—which appear to have less than the usual range of whirly cones to Flinders gasp—claim that star pay checks are dug for an early cut of box-office share contracts. Studio executives are already working balance sheets and auditing hollow meters. Among the luckiest hit ventures are listed: Cary Grant (\$30,000 dollars a film), Gregory Peck (\$24,000 dollars), Gary Cooper (\$20,000 dollars) and Jane Russell (\$20,000 dollars). At present, star salaries often run over \$20,000 dollars before a single line of script is written or a single foot of celluloid shot.

—From "Photoplay," the world's finest motion picture magazine.

congratulations were faced with a \$4-million dollar payout.

The reason? There was plenty of strength in Gertie. The bridge resting across the Sound had acted under the roadway just the same way she acts on an airplane wing—and because the bridge was so slender, it started to vibrate like a violin string.

Somewhere bridges nowadays have air slots and deflators built into the deck . . . but that doesn't console the Tacoma Bridge Authority.

Then there is the sorry story of the Tay River bridge disaster, which—although it happened in 1879—is still a prototype memory to the British Railway.

On that gale-swept bridge over the River Tay a Scotland 18 people died suddenly.

The fact that 18 men were slain while building the bridge, had been already forgotten by the time the two-mile long crossing was opened to railway traffic.

Local residents were finally reminded of it on the latter December night two or three years later.

It takes to know what, by a mild

understatement, might be called a tempest. The wind was soon blowing people to the ground as they struggled for the safety of their homes. A few minutes after seven the usual evening train entered the bridge approaches. Several people were looking down different places to see if the driver would attempt the crossing on such a night. He did. Picking up the signal staff from the box at the end, he drove slowly across the bridge. Halfway, almost lost to view at the aqueduct, the tail lights failed. There was a cascade of sparks and nothing more. The signalman—and the master from the nearby station—were horrified for the bridge. Though they searched and struggled, the wind stopped them before they could go the march to see what had happened. But they found an concrete sign—the water pipe running across the bridge was broken and spouting over the side.

Meanwhile, the aqueduct on the other side had found that the expected train had not arrived. They had no communication with their opposite number two miles away. A

fatal but disbelieving crowd had started to collect. One man, bruised and bleeding from the face, had fled from his house he had watched the train cross the bridge and had seen a trail of sparks down to the water. He had run out, collapsed with another man, and the wind had tumbled them both into the gutter.

Local officials finally managed to establish communication across the river. The train had not arrived. It was a silent group that approached a steamer at Dundee wharf and told the captain what had happened. Would he, they asked, attempt to return us to the bridge?

The captain braced himself against the rifting, and peered up into the blackness. The gale seemed to have dropped a mile, but they would have to sail into the full force of it.

"Are," he replied slowly, "we'll go up."

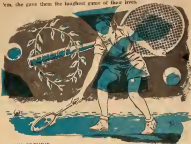
Retired and drenched, they eventually fought up to within fighting distance of the bridge.

They saw nothing where a half-mile of water span should have cut across the sky. It was gone . . . collapsed into the river. They found no wreckage . . . and no bodies. Every person drowned before anyone knew what had occurred.

At nine o'clock next day the first swollen corpse was found, washed ashore down stream. At the news, the locals gathered. According to "The London Times," they "significantly" named the sides of the river in smother of washed-up bodies. It took days to find the rest . . . and longer still to find out that 18 had drowned—with no survivors.



She played with pleasure, and, when she didn't beat 'em, she gave them the toughest game of their lives.



FRANK BROWNE

Lady Lion of Tennis

DOROTHY ROUND was the greatest English women tennis player. There may be some who will dispute this but a look at the opposition faced by Dorothy Round will convince anybody that she puts some to the test who took the Wimbledon title in 1931 and 1932.

She was her first tournament at sixteen, but her game, indubitably aggressive, could only be characterized as wild and woolly. She went for speed all the time, and even under to opponents, as her own words, rather than those of others.

She played at Wimbledon first in 1928, and was ousted in the second round. But for the first few games

of both her matches, she drove with a blistering speed and accuracy, that led Tilden, who knew all about such things, to say, "One day that girl's gonna turn on her game, and then talk out!"

She also had a sure-fire attitude towards the game, that infuriated against her in the great arena of Championship tennis.

It was two years later, before she scored her first important victory. She went in to the third round against Kenneth Lal D'Almeida. Lal was very up there against the stars. Three times runner-up in the Wimbledon singles, she was *admirable* fast, and no less than a first

She played a fast game and Dorothy simply blasted her off the court with a game about twice as fast. The four thought they might well be looking at the new Queen, certainly at a finalist.

An offer happened, the new site met somebody unknown. In this case, it was the German girl, Hilde Sperling. The French was a heavy hand, so that she apparently did everything wrong. She held her racket awkwardly, yet she could produce volleys of great steadiness.

Dorothy Round went into the game believing it was the speed. She found it impossible to get the girl across the net out of a steady pattern. In an effort to break up the Sperling game, Dorothy went for-ward, and across forward from her racket as ball after ball crashed into the net. She lost in straight sets.

From then on, she settled down to learn to deal with the crafty game. She realized that if she was ever going to succeed in anything, she had to be able to deal with everything from drives to drop-shots.

In 1930, two years later, a new and sturdier Dorothy Round won her way through to the final. Perhaps her drives were just that little bit slower than the ones that brought pain from the headsets, back two years before. But they were controlled now, true, harder to read and hard. She had become a *lady* who played either the long or short game, according to circumstances.

In the final, she met Helen Wills. Wills had not lost a set in five years. The first set of the match saw the Champion win 6-4. The second had not gone very far, when it could be seen that Helen was in trouble. Never had it coming into the net, she was finding the English girl's short-stroke game a real trouble.

It was the first set that had not been played completely according to play, in five years. Dorothy Round ran out a winner, from a losing, and pretty painful Champion.

But she was still not ready, not quite. She attempted to win the third set with drop shots. Knowing the Wills reputation for steadiness in long rallies, she tried to shorten them with the drop which never quite seemed to come off.

Helen Wills kept her Championship. The next year, Dorothy went to America with the Wimbledon Cup Team, to play in the spread match between England and the U.S. She scored losses, and even cost-outs, and was beaten in the match.

But in the quarter final of the American Singles Championship, she scored a comeback with a vengeance. She met Sarah Palfrey Cooke, one of the greatest women tennis players that America has seen, and defeated her in straight sets.

But in the semi-final, she met Helen Jacobs, who made her look foolish, with a variety of againsts and drops, to defeat her fairly easily.

By now, there were a lot of people who thought that Dorothy Round, like so many others who had come up quickly, was a false alarm. That unless somebody played a game that suited her, she didn't have the ability to defeat herself.

She went through a bad patch of tennis trying to learn tactics against opponents and drops, and dropped a good many matches.

By the time Wimbledon arrived in 1934, she was not amongst those favoured to make the final four, let alone win the title.

She attacked the critics by running through to the final with ease—short shots now. There, she met Billie Nimmo Matheson, the top French

RING out, wild bells . . . and the cannon roared as prizes poured in several days, when a bell was being cast, rich patrons would toss gold and silver knob-knacks into the molten metal . . . under the delusion that thereby the bell would be endowed with a "silver tone." Today, a church bell two feet high and two feet in diameter would cost you more than \$100. Yet, a century ago, in Britain, York Minster's "Great Peter" (weighed 31 tons) cost only \$1,000.

player.

The French Girl was a really tough opponent, who played the aggressive game once as typical of Dorothy Round.

To everybody's surprise, the English champion won the game in three sets, with relentless steadiness, making practically no errors himself, and leaving her opponent to feel wildly.

Dorothy met Helen Jacobs, who never had much trouble with her, in the final. The critics were amazed at the fast set settled down. Instead of the steady game of the earlier seasons, the English girl was back to her average, hard hitting game, making everything and especially involving defeat in the same way that she had met it so often before.

But there was a difference! Instead of letting the average lookdown driver or outing them, she was hitting them for winners. She ran out a 1-0 winner of the set before Helen Jacobs could know what had happened.

In the second game, the American

showed the game down. But it still wasn't good enough to allow her to break through, and the game went with the service, to 3-2. Then, amidst noise "I told you so!" Dorothy broke up, and lost a couple of games with erratic placements.

Helen Jacobs took the set 3-2. Most people seemed to think that with the second set had gone England's chance of winning the first Women's Singles at Wimbledon in eight years.

When the American contender was to 3-1 in the final set, that threat looked like paying off. But Dorothy held her own service to make it 3-2, and then with four placements that left her excellent standing, made it 3-2.

Both girls had looked tired, and in fact, after the grueling second set, were tired, as they started the third, decisive set. But Dorothy showed her a true going as far the ball, actually increased her speed to win the next three games in a row, and win the title.

Unaccountably, she went into a slump in the following year, and was championed in the early rounds by Joan Hartigan, of Australia, a fine player, but certainly not in her class.

In America for the Wightman Cup matches that year, she never looked like defeating Helen Hall, and once again it was predicted that she had seen the last of the big things of Tennis.

This was apparently confirmed in 1922, when the Sonoma of earlier days, Miss Spaulding, again defeated her with cork-like defense.

For Wimbledon 1921, she was not considered as having much chance with Helen Hall, Anna Lesons, or the Polish Champion, Jadwiga Jodanowska. She polished off the Chinese in the quarter-finals, and then defeated Helen Hall in the semi-final.

She faced the Polish girl one of the more vigorous and aggressive women players of all time in the final.

By now, people had ceased to do much predicting about the course of a game in which she appeared.

She won the first set comfortably enough, and then, in the second, played like a woman, to lose it 3-2.

In the third, the Polish girl seemed to have no measure. With a ball of 3-1, it looked as though "Jo Jo" would count home. Then, with all the drama of the popular pro-sight pe-

ture when she here, after losing an extensive, produced a backhand smash. Dorothy Round came in light, won three games in a row, and went on to take the set, and the Championship, at 3-1.

Dorothy Round was an original. It was impossible to say with any certainty, as it was with other great players, who she could beat, and who could beat her.

But unaccountably, on her day, the answer to the second half of the question was "Nobody."

CATCH AS CATCH CAN

By GUYAS WILLIAMS



white squaws of the Muskingum



LISTER WAY

The Red Indians were noted as bloody villains, but some white women differed.

EIGHT miles a day. That was slow going. . . . over in the rugged New England forests, but it was the best Colonel Bouquet could do. His army was out to conquer the Shawanese and the Senecas, it carried provisions and munitions for a long campaign, it also carried camp-followers of a very peculiar type, men with you like that you read open country, while Bouquet had none of the toughest in the world.

He could advance only so fast as his women could clear a way for his wagons. And he was advanced into the stronghold of the two tribes armed with implacable hatred of the English.

The army crested forward. The Indians retreated into forest even more forbidding. Which was what

Bouquet expected, he pushed on.

Early in October, 1758, he reached the Muskingum River, five hundred miles beyond the nearest white settlement.

The Shawanese and Senecas had retreated to the very edge of their own tribal lands, with hostile tribes at their backs. If they tried to retreat further, they would be fighting on two fronts. They had to make up their minds to attack Bouquet's powerful army, or run for peace.

The army belatedly killed eight hundred, red-coated regulars, a large contingent of backwoodsmen, and a sprinkling of tough scouts and pathfinders in buckskins and moccasins, and, while the Indians debated what to do, Bouquet not all his men to work. They threw up fortifications and barracks. Then, along the full length of the camp, they built a row of small log cabins—for the camp-followers, the women.

Not young women, though. There was not a single virgin-to-get flowers among them. They were matrons of mature years.

Bouquet's main purpose was to break the reliance of all white prisoners held by the two tribes, and many of the captives were young children. That row of huts was to remove the threatened children and young women. The heavy of mothers was there to care for the children at the camp, and on the long march back.

The Indians decided not to fight. They sent their shamans to converse with Bouquet. He told them, without doubting, that if they wanted peace, it would be on his terms.

He demanded five chiefs in hostages and got them.

The next day, a procession of warriors and squaws began arriving at the British encampment, bringing the prisoners Bouquet meant to have

and a fairly accurate tally of the number held, and when he was satisfied that he had them all, he started back.

But everyone knows that Indians—the Shawanese and Senecas in particular—swore scalp above all else, that the prestige of a warrior was reckoned by the number of enemy scalps on his belt. If they took prisoners, it was only to torture them over a slow fire, to pierce their eyeballs with hot needles.

Yet Bouquet's army, with its female followers, made one of the most difficult marches in history to recover white prisoners captured by the Indians right from 1759 up to 1779.

And he recovered them—almost five hundred of them—all alive?

That takes some explaining.

Why weren't those five hundred scalps taken? Some of the planners had long held since the French War, the Indians had had fifteen years in which to murder them. All had been carried hundreds of miles from their place of capture, yet they were brought to Bouquet's camp unharmed and in excellent condition.

One—a man named S. McCallum—wrote the story of his captivity which was published in pamphlet form a few years later. Still more revealing is the autobiography of Mary Jemison.

Mary was captured by the Shawanese in 1755, when she was fourteen years old. She tells how the Indian attack on her frontier village came with characteristic surprise. The whites fought bravely. Only with their deaths alone and their ammunition exhausted, they surrendered—except those who died bravely fighting rather than lose capture.

The women and children, the old and the sick, could not escape. Five side-bellied young men surrendered. . . . to see the Indians methodically

STATE OF THE NATION (IX)

Poppets in new pretties, Dee Juana in dashing dresses, woggles, badgers, war-the-alls — most peculiar shapes listening up the pavements, waving against walls, plighting troths in alleys or outside dancing halls, cuddling close in sidewalks, holding hands on balconies, tripping la-a-u-u-u in side-cars or outside motor-bikes, drenched on parkour sofas, wearing out the nap (who comes for upholstery? Let Pa pay, the Saa!), jack-ups, make-ups, streaks . . . Middle Age, swing down your hair, then check off horns and hula yourself . . . the Silly Season's here

—JAY-PAY

scalping the dead. They were taken away, certain that they would be murdered on the forest.

Some were murdered . . . and Mary's story grew the reason. The women of the visiting party had tried obligations they were bound to fulfill. Their lives exchanged them. As always the dead—a life for a life, a scalp for a scalp.

These Indians needed a definite number of lives to save the women, and no less. And they took exactly that number, choosing the old and infirm as their victims. The fate of the rest of the prisoners was solemnly considered by a tribal council, and each was assigned a place in the life of the Shawanese.

Mary Jenson became part of a small group which supplied most of its own needs. On the day she joined them, the medicine man took

her by the hand and, in the presence of the entire group, led her to the river. He drew her into the water, pronounced incantations and anointed her. When she came out, her alien blood was washed away, she was purified of the sins of the white people and was received by the squaws as a sister. She was one of them, a Shawanese, with the rights and obligations of an Indian maiden.

The captives were widely dispersed, but Mary encountered them all as the years that followed. She saw young white men painted to mark their full manhood as warriors, and bearing arms. She saw soldiers who had been carved off with her, and she observed the love with which the squaws looked from

Mary Jenson herself learned to adapt herself. When a Shawanese brave wooed her—and she will not

marry—she went to him gladly. He was killed in battle and she proudly then married with another.

On the other hand, the brave Jenny Cure who was the daughter of a Shawanese aristocrat, Jenny returned a prize in her exalted lineage, she refused to take a mate. She refused the Indian who wooed her as she would have refused an anonymous white man who was not a gladiator of the Totemistic. And Mary saw how the Shawanese respected Jenny's chastity. It was a squaw's duty to keep her body inviolate if she wished, and there was none of the contempt or pity with which civilized commentators dabble a squaw.

Such was the captivity from which these five hundred white people were delivered by Bouquet's army.

Two thousand soldiers saw that the young men were brought to the campment bound hand and foot, because it was not possible to get them there any other way. They saw children struggling desperately to get free from the embraces of their own fathers and mothers, to return to the life of the Indians, and they saw young women fighting tooth and claw against their forcible return to civil-

ization.

In the long march back to the land of the whites, many of the released captives escaped from their avengers and returned to the Indian.

Mary Jenson was one who escaped. She lived to the age of ninety-six, always as an Indian, even after their wilderness had become an island in the midst of the white man's farms. When she wrote her autobiography, it was as an Indian speaking for the Indians that she wrote.

Jenny Cure, on the other hand, did not escape, did not try to escape. But the Shawanese brave who had wooed her, and who handed her over to Bouquet, followed the army as it withdrew. Each night, he stood as near as the darkness would allow and watched for a glimpse of Jenny. The expedition reached the border country, where desperately frontier people killed all Indians on sight, and the young brave still followed. He was warned of the danger; Jenny begged him to return, but he refused. He was bringing a turkey to her late one afternoon, when a rifle cracked behind him, and he died.

So there you have the making of the famous Redskin.



It is a place haunted by memories . . . and by the silent footings of wandering, forgotten ghosts.



town of *Time-Goes-By*

JACK PEARSON

ABOUT twenty-four hours after I arrived in Cocktown my wife stopped and I forgot about the turn. Not that it mattered for everyone I met seemed to be in the same now-or-then position, but it helped to set the general picture.

Cocktown is like that. It shows up gently in the tropical sun and gladly lets time slip almost unnoticed by it as a town of two faces . . . one looking to the past and the other to the future . . . and, at the moment, it is difficult to say which face sees the more clearly.

Less than 200 years ago, Cocktown was nothing . . . just a wilderness of bush.

A hundred or so years later, it was a bustling, bustling gold-rush port with a floating population of more than 15,000 whites and 25,000 Chinese, a Chinese consul, 55 publicans' licenses, 30 custom-houses, 12 large stores, 20 smaller ones, six hospitals, six taverns, six bookshops, seven blacksmiths, two newspapers, banks, doctors, chemists, drug-goods shops, watchmakers, saddlers and three banks. Thousands of ounces of gold

passed through its streets to the ships—often 50 or more at once—moored to its wharves . . . much of this loot being taken south to Brisbane, but even more being smuggled north into China.

Today, it is a hamlet of perhaps 200 souls . . . without water or sewerage systems, without any street lighting (so that at night it seems to dance with fire-flies in the branches of house-loving populus trees at the dock), and without visitors except for timbermen and surveyors from the hills, the crews of trawler frigates or occasional "albatross" trawlers and a few (very few) army tourists. It will have the scars of a cyclone which left less than 25 of its dwellers alive, its boats have dwindled to three, the sites of a timber-mill where where once the Chinese consul's residence stood, the shippers of the Chinese consul's wife—my beloved forefathers less than five miles long—stand in a glass case in the Government Hotel lounge, side by side with a Chinese man dated 1908, a desert room from Melina's "Victory," a brooch handgrafted in England in 1902, a long-sword-battle from Vanuatu, coconut shells carved and painted into human heads "tiger costumes," "lion-wood" and shark's teeth.

Though there is a hospital, the township when I reached it had been without a doctor for months and the ill had to be carried by aerial ambulance to Cairns.

And the only contact with the outer world is an unpredictable telephone line, a phone which bounces down three weeks on a makeshift derrick and the launch "Mermaid," which sails at four times.

Of course no one can predict what Cocktown may yet become again . . . need (though almost impossible

now) to being driven north from Cairns through the jungle, here and there new buildings are rising from the sparsely-brought wreckage; more are being made to leave the past deserted and attract new trade . . . but, at present, the place seems stuck on the doldrums between the future and the past. It is filled with the footprints of memories. Whenever you see, photo walk at your heels.

You cannot escape them. They are everywhere. They even come out to greet you. As you approach Cocktown from the sea, three straws on your left the scrub-thatched bulk of "Glenora Hall," where in 1778 Lieutenant (later Captain) James Cook climbed to peer anxiously towards the shore of newly blinking but promising to the north. Nowadays, a narrow strip of crumbling concrete leads up to what was a Pacific War-side vision . . . at a grade so steep that I found the "deck" of the "Leander," the lighthouse ship, had broken down in an effort to descend it but that is the only change.

Then, as you move up the river, Cook again awaits you. There, among the wharves (where a narrow-gauge railway has now come) is the spot where on June 12, 1771, Cook warped his half-sinking ship "Endeavour" to a tree to repair the damage a coral reef had caused. For almost a month Cook camped here. It was here that he made his first acquaintance with the appearance of the Peninsula. On July 10, Cook, standing here, noticed four "Indians" put off on their red-rubber canoe from where the men-of-war still cluster darkly on the north side of the estuary, and paddle towards him. Though the "Indians" were all armed with knives and "wararrows" . . . the natives dove-egg-risks . . . they made no attempt to use them. Cook reported the

THE spot of variety, eh? Our American-Way-of-Life Department! Mr and Mrs. Elmer Karr and Mr and Mrs. Dick Wagner left their homes in Paradise Southern California one week-end and drove across the border to Mexico. There they were heavily divorced and, immediately thereafter, exchanged partners in two marriage ceremonies. The four then moved to the nearby town of Chaco, "with the best of friends."

during conquest by presenting them with gifts of men and lands before they departed.

Which was apparently Cook's mistake. The "Indians" seem to have missed the impression that he was a benevolent benevolent Society. At least on July 31, seventeen of them returned "fiercibly rejecting his overtures," they demanded a turtle and used to take it by force. Frighted, they leaped into their canoes and rowed hard for the shore. Cook promptly got out a boat's crew and managed to land before them. But the "Indians" were wise. Sixteen boats from beneath a bottle of boiling pitch they fell back upon the age-old strategy of setting fire to the canoe so as to burn out the camp. The blacksmith's forge was destroyed and a pig drowned to death before the flames were quenched.

Meanwhile, the "Indians" had drifted on to some spots the same "where soldiers were washing and drying nets." Kenneth being so good as too much, a market loaded with small-shot was discharged, "where (says Cook) drew blood at 40 yards"

and the Indians fled. Their post was occupied by a second volley of small-shot. It was only after a considerable interval that a wounded man emerged reluctantly from the scrub to indicate by signs that it had all been a terrible misadventure. As a matter of fact, the "Indians" were still approaching when, on August 8, Cook uncovered the "Eden" from a tree and was gone. Today both the "Indians" and the tree have gone, too. With the tree the Railway Department searched where the "Indians" had lived. Burning off grass lands the land underneath also testified to the fact Cook's tree. All that is now left on the site of the camp is the charred remnant of a stump.

But neither the "Indians" nor the tree have been forgotten. The descendants of the "Indians" still roam between the Darling and the Snowfield Rivers, in much the same place as when Cook encountered them. As for the tree, what is claimed to be the last portion of its trunk, together with its tree plaques, is sheltered in Cooktown schoolhouse, alongside a scale model of the "Eden" shaped heavily by old Elmer Lamberton who has "reared" this monument and boy for 20 years. It still stands at the wall of a red white marble's capsule-battered office hangs a photograph of the tree as once it was.

Yet Cook's is not the only ghost that haunts these wharves. There too, at what was called Wharf No 1 is to be seen, the remnant of the Palmer gold-miner's diggers stayed where from the A&N Company's stores, "Leachford" on October 24, 1872. In all they numbered 31. Queenslanders, New South Walesmen, Victorians and New Zealanders. . . plus a Black-boy, Jerry,

one of the party who first found the field. Most of them were shot and all of them buried by men that weighed a minimum of 10 lbs.

They camped that night under the shadow of Greys Hill, but gold-fever was running hot. Next morning, five of them—brothers of vengeance—pushed ahead into the ranges. Only one was ever seen again.

Watched, their progress followed . . . strange men . . . wild men . . . some careless . . . some known only to history as "Jack the Blower" and "Harry the Post" . . . some to perish on the track . . . some to clash with the police at Battle Camp Range and to struggle (though to Melbourne) to strike their claims and to pay £25 for a lot of flour and buy hardware made for their weight in gold. Some returned to Cooktown . . . with resources to hunt the wharves.

And as you walk up the dusty road from the wharves to the town-shed, other ghosts come out to meet you. Cook once more, with a sword-belted commando searching his tall marble columns . . . a sort of stone in remembrance of that lawless captain, Edward Kennedy, whose life fled away through spurs weighed as he lay in Jacky-Jack's. Which was . . . the pitiful memorial to Mrs. Mary Beatrice Watson, who—with her baby boy and a Chinese cook—put out to sea in a ship's boat to escape the ravages of Lord Island, only to die of them on the beach of Warren Island, not 24 miles away . . . the skeleton of the last of the gold-rush hotels, its roof torn away by hurricane winds, its walls collapsed and decaying the notion . . . Licensed Victualler barely visible above the door, and at one corner, a hand hanging above, littered with the marble wood, "EAST-SEEK" . . . the ghosts throng thick and thicker as you pass.

But it is on the other side of the town-shed—at the cemetery, as it fitting—that the ghosts crowd closest. Cooktown cemetery has felt the cyclones, too, though some headstones gleam white and well-wooded for others lie fallen and shattered. Yet here . . . ancient graves of black-ones sometimes went high—a cross-section of Cooktown's past. Here a tiny marble slab commemorates Albert Maclean, founder of the New Guinea Mission, who "laboured in his mission at Greenand, England, Merland, New South Wales, Mackay in Queensland, and who finished his course of sea between Singapore and Cooktown, December 21, 1881." A small stone marks the grave of Elizabeth Jackson, one to the two brothers who blazed the trail up the Farnham to Cape York. A memory of France is cherished in the simple inscription: "La République Française aux Morts de l'Allier" 1870-1902 . . .

"From the French Republic to the Squeakers of the Allier." And a copper plaque, torn from its wooden base and fused half-broken in the grass, records in flowing German script and under the crown and eagle his commander's tribute to Field Marshal of HMS "Albatross."

There are many others besides . . . but most of all I remember a red-rusted piece of cast-iron with flanged edges. It has the almost indecipherable words "Sacred to the Memory of" . . . and after that there was nothing. Yet the grave it is lost was very real.

So it is in the Town of Town-Goodly . . . and as I think it will be. Perhaps someday soon Cooktown may revive to its former prosperity, but whatever happens, it seems to me that the ghosts will remain . . . flickering like fire-flies or like torches in the dark.

THE END of Arguments



What is a "Mophrank"?

Dan's believe is... but we learn that a "mophrank" is something along for 1,000,000 dollars. The news leaked out when it was revealed that Dr. S. M. Alexander, of the U.S. National Bureau of Standards, has dreamed a completely electronic record-keeping system which need not be touched by human hands. Claims Dr. Alexander: "The system can be used to figure out gas bills or insurance premiums, payment notices, or to keep track of inventory for the military, or in a department store." But accountants and their districts (it need not guess. It is estimated that three years' hard work and the investment of one "mophrank" are required before Dr. Alexander's brain-child can stand on its own feet.

Does Mophrank-keeping harm babies?

New research promises, you are pulled parents. According to Dorothy W. Baruch, Ph.D., a sensitive psychologist practicing in Beverly Hills California (U.S.), the answer is "Definitely not." In fact, Miss Baruch is urging doctors to tell "anxious mothers in no uncertain terms that baby's thumb-sucking will do him no harm." She adds "The baby's pleasure that comes to a baby with sucking is an emotional and in itself. Just as he cannot get his own food, he cannot reach for a cigarette. He may, however, reach for his thumb; the child who is allowed to suck enough

early enough often enough gets over his hunger for sucking more rapidly."

Are "Coke" Folks Most Efficient?

Efficiency is, as not, the answer seems to be "No." According to researchers at the John Hopkins University (J.H.U.) the person who does best under stress is not the person who looks calm and sane. Indications are that such individuals are actually distracted from their work by their efforts to control their emotions and not to show signs of worry. Actually, the man who does his best under stress is the one who gets upset—whose people shake, who breaks out in a sweat, whose heart pounds. The secret is going into the job, not into controlling himself. Because the man who is so placed on a road, he generally acts as that.

Why Do Animals Hibernate?

Take it easy, there doesn't seem to be just one simple answer to the lack of food may play a part, as may decreased temperatures, but not everything. The commonly-held notion is that animals hibernate just because they happen to feel that way. At a stated time each year, trillions of everything, various animals just select suitable spots, and themselves up, and remain motionless until the following spring. It's an unexplained contrast and there's nothing you can do about it except enjoy them.

COVER-GIRL...



keyhole version

So you think the lives of those curious catfish who decorate the magazine landscape and all literary points thereabouts are posed entirely of beams and lampruns, eh? well, take another think, you cots... drop into the life of Barbara Nichols, one of the top cover-girls in US, get a keyhole look on her day, and be convinced differently. Barbara can't be a life a bed the other way, to that





To keep as sweet as a violet (if not as shy), Barbara must maintain a rigid schedule . . . out of bed and into the shower . . . that's step A . . . toss on a thing or two in the places where they'll do most good . . . optically and otherwise . . . then down for a bitching with Camera-Captain Kapper . . . that's step B . . . and so . . .



One last touch to Barbara's blonde locks and Max Kapper is ready. (By the way, Kapper uses an Ansco 3 x 7 camera, exposure 1/16 with 12 inch Ektar lens, 3 flash bulbs and large reflector . . . in case you're thinking of taking over his stint of toil. But don't be hasty. Max Kapper is just beginning . . . this kind of thing goes on all day).

LOVE

FRANCIS C. BATTLE

in Voodoo Land



The thunderous roll of drums, deep and low, warning in barbaric rhythm, is the mating-call of Haitian hills.

IF you ever visit Haiti, don't stay into the hills at night. The unsteady roll of drums will sweep through your veins, leaving your muscles quivering with uncontrollable excitement.

Love-making in Haiti is accompanied with the ancient custom of rhythmic conscious people. No other race is so susceptible to vibrations, the need of a beating drum.

In this land of black wood, love-

making is not an art. In its simplicity and naked intensity, love is the empowerment of the soul through the willingness of the body for their god, the Great Damballa. Here, man the complexity of civilization, the young man approaches the woman of his choice with the phallic bull's horns in his hand. His intentions are boldly offered.

A young girl spurned by a disdainful lover can seek the solace of the

moonlight, the voodoo priestess. To the old woman is told the fabled story of unrequited love.

The mambo, worn in the accents of voodoo, reaches for his box of wondrous, intricate two-string beaded. And as the young girl weaves, the mambo places the amulet into his palm, point to eye, and hands the maiden with pieces of wool.

"We will be your lover soon," she murmurs.

The girl leaves, no longer disturbed. Herion lives a dependent upon the roll and the beat of skin drums. For rhythm is the sun that functions for into their soul.

Usually these songs of voodoo are created several times a month. Word is sent by drum and by word until all members of the cult are informed. And that night with the mambo, ancient customs prevail with a symbolic ceremony to their god the great serpent, the Great Damballa. In a large clearing sitting on the ground around a fire, the faithful wait with solemn reverence. The drums commence, and responding with perfection of unity, men and women begin to chant.

Strong, masculine men control the drums as their clattering bodies swirl apart in the moonlight. Some drums are kept giving the short ten-beat, odd-beat while others develop the hoarse-hoarse-beats that roll over the hills, seeping into the blood of the ancestral until they are half-dressed from the moment vibrations.

After what seems like endless showers of vibrations, the drums grow silent and a woman stands alone in the circle, her body effeminate in her loose clothing. She is the priestess of their god. The drums increase their tempo and the woman responds, eventually, with sporadic gestures.

The pulse of the drums beats faster and faster, increasingly. One feels

the madness of keeping towards the figure in the circle.

On, the women continue, swirling, seeking the name of this wanted dance. And as the heartbeat for a moment, her body releases into uncontrollable twirlings.

Then, suddenly, she is paused and in her hand she holds a black cross, the sacrificial offer for the voodoo. The drums begin once with a faithful of sounding that is so disturbing that one cannot think—but one does not wish to think. In a frenzied dance of love, devotion, the woman wears the beat in the air and from her frothy lips spouts the name of the Gods.

The crowd still roars with excited anticipation. They wait as the mambo decapitates the bird and catches the rapid blood in a bowl. Then the faithful are blessed.

With this act completed and the offering made, the people begin voodoo dance around the fire as the drums transfer into the night—hoarse hoarse-beats. Around and around, but preserving bodies of men and women begin the frantic dance in a chain effect with their disheveled bodies touching one another. The drums reach all except their natural rhythm. And as the vibrations sweep each dancer to tremble in pure, joyful ecstasy, waves of excitement, of relief, of lust surge above the drums until the dancer is a mass of suggestion. On they dance, screaming, shouting until stretched pain fills in the ground and others seek the solace of the people.

Then, one by one, the drums remain silent as their master succumbs to fatigue and slips from his place. And when the last drummer falls, all is quiet, but for the rattle of leaves, the screams of delight. The dance is finished—this is Voodoo Love!

Crime Capsules



GOLDEN TOUCH . . .

Customs officers at New Delhi (India) recently were close to knocking the bucket for all around when they snatched a milk-pail carried by a tiny little female passenger who had just arrived by plane from Karachi. The search revealed that the milk-pail was made of pure gold. Meanwhile—probably to prove that East and West occasionally do meet—a European woman, arrested by Indian police at the frontier post of Channaray (between Switzerland and Italy), was "blasted in gold." Calculating customers were kept to observe that she had 1 lb. of arranged gold stashed in small packets in her pockets. The grandmother had been in these parts.

BOUR NOTES . . .

Queen major Violet Corrigan, of San Francisco, has filed a \$400 dollar damages suit against her next-door neighbor. Queen major Corrigan: "My neighbour's two dogs howled me into giving up my morning exercise." Expanding: Supreme Violet complained bitterly "Whenever I wanted to practice, a howling dog and a squeal began to sound all-off day, too. I had to get medical attention." Asked for her version of the trouble, the neighbor, Nellie Goshinsky, or worded simply: "She keeps crying."

ON THE BALL . . .

In Paris, Fortune Teller Juliette Paillet, charged with hogging her space on the sidewalk with an octopus in clubs, explained affably: "I read the cards and all the signs indicated that my dear husband would suffer a heavy blow." Which was nothing to the blow inflicted on Juliette . . . no less than three long months in the cooler.

COP THAT . . .

In Akron, Ohio (U.S.), four anti-furrows and unsuspicious grandmothers were shot dead — without a clue, without a motive and on four consecutive days. To this day, no one knows what might have happened next if the underworld had been able to keep its fingers from curdling. But someone wanted an message. Confused constabulary were reduced to running round in tighter and tighter circles when an anonymous phone call advised (unofficially, surely): "Look for a man with a scarred hand in New York." Believe it or not, the New Post was unscrupled and with him was uncovered a five-man murder syndicate. Inquisitive An Akron was that was paying the finger-men \$50 dollars per head for any policeman killed—nowhere, any time and no matter who.

☆ Opposite: Study by Paul Klee





the whispering stones

JAMES VANDERCOOK • FICTION

Kale shook the stones in his hands as he chanted the song of his ancestors.

KALE accepted that challenge. His quest, as medicine-men of the little African village. And he knew well the consequences if he failed to drive the villagers with his magic.

So it had been when he, Kale, had proved that his magic was stronger than the old Medicine Man in whose place he now stood.

He could not admit to himself that it might have been just good luck. It was, he refused to doubt, his magic that had been the main point.

The old Medicine Man had cast his spells and charmed his clients and brewed his herbs; but still the famine had been bad, still the people had perished upon the hills, still the people had starved, and the women had borne no boy-children, and the medicine had fallen from their pliant beauty, until they had been mere skin-covered skeletons . . . wasted and listless . . . and with no power for love. All knew and murmured that the old Medicine Man's spells had failed.

Then he, Kale, had cast his spells . . . and somehow the clouds had gathered and the rains had fallen, the crops had sprouted green, and the hunting had been good, while the women bore son-children to the warriors, and the medicine grew

plump and glossy and were eager for love.

So it had been that the villagers had found pleasure in him, Kale, and had accepted him as medicine-man, for the old doctor could not face the challenge.

Which was the same challenge which he, Kale, must now face.

Only his son, remained beside him with unyielding faith. Kale worked that one day, his son, Bakara, would take his place and provide the village with wisdom and knowledge.

It happened on several occasions that the young and the youth of the village would clamor for change. "Away with the old! Kale's wisdom



PARLOUE GAMES CAN BE DANGEROUS

When I was little I remember a villi

A little with moral my teacher would tell.

It was of a spider who spins in a fly,

She made me repeat it and profit thereby.

Oh I hadn't forgotten but could I guess that

There wasn't a parlor in his bachelor flat?

—Alice Parker

has wound' they cried. But always he had shown their impetuosity and thereby gained their respect.

But it was true, Kola agreed privately; he was without aid. And in a few years he would join the spirits of his honored ancestors. If he could succeed just once more, the village would continue to live well under his guidance until the next year when his son would become of age. "Could they not see," Kola asked himself, "that the village had prepared through his suggestions and was known for its good crops?"

Kola's mind, set free much to his chagrin in his dream, but the darkness came to his feet. Soon it clothed his body with silent reverence as he called upon his ancestors. In the morning he must notify the villagers with his secret message.

Kola smiled to himself as he thought of his name. He believed in it as his father did and his father before him. But not so the villagers now.

The morning sun fell across his wrinkled face and crept into his open

Kola did not welcome the new day. Around his head he had the ribbon of horns feathers, the sign of his office. He found before him people with and ripe bananas brought by his men.

"I have no hunger this morning," Bokawa," he told his son, "The spirits have robbed my sleep and my hunger for food."

"Have they given wisdom, father?"

"I have asked, my son."

The head of the Wabara tribe sat regally in his leopard chair and listened to the words of the young man around him. He was an honest man. Kola reflected as he walked slowly towards the gathering, but his expression to do right sometimes overshadowed the peace he intended. When Kola approached the head he bowed respectfully.

The king spoke. "Kola, the village tells me that you are old and ready for the long journey to your ancestors."

"I am old," Kola admitted.

Excited whispers shifted through the crowd of young men. When the head whisperer had finished, Kola's round face spoke again. "My first tells all of my age, but wisdom, like wisdom, grows greater as time grows shorter."

Again the crowd of men shifted, but with angry whispers this time. The king shook his shaggy head, watching Kola's words.

"Let him say the first!" a youth called out. "A, A," a chorus followed.

The king raised his head. "In the village, there is a thief!" His large black eyes looked questionably at Kola. "The man went to the river to work. Money was taken while a woman of the village was washing clothes!" He raised his hand towards a group of men. "These are the men. Which one is a thief?"

Kola slipped through the circle of villagers. The tension held like the black clouds before the rain. Kola felt their eyes on his black body. This was the challenge he must accept.

If he could have the time to talk to each man — but there was no time, Kola reminded himself. It was expected of him with great ceremony and secret power to point to the guilty man. If he failed, it was believed that would burn his flesh from his bones in the fire and chain his name to another head. Kola noticed that already feet began to shift in the hot dust, and the younger men began to laugh among themselves. He was forced to think quickly. Suddenly, he spoke.

"Bokawa. Bring to me the antelope bag of my house."

Bokawa returned and gave his father the bag. Kola opened the bag and selected ten small stones. These he placed in his cupped hands.

Kola shook the stones in his hands, chanting the words that his father had taught him. Pungwa wa mabika. Whisper. Whika stone, Pungwa wa mabika.

Then he turned to the ten men. "Spoken now are the stones. If your voices will not speak, the Whispering Stones will speak for you." He approached the first of the ten men. "Open your mouth!" he commanded. The man obeyed and Kola placed a stone on the man's tongue. He went to the second and third man until all men were given a stone. Then he stepped back and looked at the stones. "The innocent men have nothing to fear," he shouted to them. "But the guilty one's tongue will hold in the stone, and the stone will tell his name for it is a Whispering Stone."

When he was reminded that the youths had been shouted at enough,

Kola went to the first man. "Open your mouth!" he demanded. The man obeyed. Kola entrusted a wet stone. He went to the second man and took a wet stone from his tongue. Kola went to each man until he came to the man who gave him a dry stone.

Kola turned suddenly to the king and shouted so that all the village would hear. "This is the guilty man!"

Immediately the men fell in his name confessing his crime.

For a moment the village had nothing to say. Then, both of power went to the air and surrounded his old body. Kola's round face gave no sign of his victory. But within him the very spark of life blazed and warred his heart.

Back in his secret hut of medicine and roots, Kola ate the bananas and drank the people's milk. When he had finished, Bokawa asked, "Tell me father, how did you know the guilty man?"

Kola smiled and placed a tired hand on his ear's shoulder. "It is none my son, for you to know all things I have taught the secrets of roots and leaves to help and cure the sick. Now you shall know the power of man's spirit."

"Remember, boy, when the lion chased you and you could not cry out!"

"The father!" Bokawa remembered as well. "My mouth was so dry I could not speak."

"Because of fear, my son. The spirit of fear stole the water in your mouth, as it did the thief."

A glow of comprehension flashed in the boy's eager eyes. "I am beginning to understand, father."

"That is good, my son."

Kola felt his tired bones settle comfortably into place, and he smiled approvingly at his son. It would not be long before the village had another medicine-man.



LIKE A

CONQUEROR

WITH PRIDE IN HER EYES, HE HAD SEEN HER LEAVE
WITH HER EXECUTIONER. HE COULDN'T FORGET!

ALAN WINSTON • FICTION

CONRAD felt as if his blood had stopped; he could neither go on nor go back. And he wanted to do both at once, because he was both frightened and curious.

Through the open wing door of the hotel bar he could see his friend, Nechko, a bear in hand and talking excitedly to another man—a big, square-faced man with a small scar where the left in his chin should have been. Conrad had seen the man before. Only once, and that eight years before, but he knew that face as well as he knew that of Nechko. It was photographed on his brain. Yet he didn't know that man's name.

The Case Conrad had seen him in was a guard on a convictive transport truck, one of those used to transport victims to gas chambers and execution ovens and mass graves. Conrad and his wife, Nechko, were prisoners at the time in Sachsenhausen. Then the authorities decided to separate men from women, so trucks came for the women. Nechko had clung to Conrad until this man had snatched one of her fingers to get her loose and then had thrown her into the truck like a sack of wool. Then the truck drove off, with the big man riding like a conqueror in the back. Conrad never saw Nechko again.

Then he sprang . . . his hands ready to fly up and cut the scar in a gorilla's hand.

He had, indeed, never hoped to see her again. Even in a concentration camp there was always a guarantee of news.

Though some who left the camp ever returned, Conrad knew where they went. They went to the front—again, the gas-chambers, the torture rooms of the brigades of the police . . . and all of them in the end to the deep ovens where—stripped of their worn shoes, their pitiful rags of clothing, the few rings and pins—were they had somehow contrived to retain, even the pitiful rags of their prison clothing—they had been burned in a powdery ash which was scattered across the fields. They had gone to places like Treblinka . . . the Camp of Death . . . built only for death and nothing else . . . Treblinka which was designed with kindness, ingenuity so that its victims did not even suspect death until death had stared them starkly in the face . . . Treblinka, with its pleasant houses packed here and there with signs such as "Tuffens," "Kooksheds," "Bakery" and on and on . . . and under these attractive the transports had been assembled, men and women, ordered to strip themselves naked, then handed a tiny cube of soap and directed to the shower-rooms (their clothing would be incinerated while they were showering; they were always told). So they had gone in their nakedness, like sheep to the slaughter, and had en-

WANTED: Wanted a man who until recently: (1) let people break bricks on his head with coal hammers; (2) let sixteen men play tag-of-war with a rope twisted round his neck; (3) sit electric light bulbs. This real-life Super-man is Joseph ("Sargeant") Seisler. Another of "Sargeant's" tricks was to let a three-ton lorry full of men run over his chest. Unfortunately, the lorry one day ran backwards and broke one of his legs. For this, "Sargeant" received \$250 compensation. He immediately wrote in a newspaper: "There can you find a wife to keep me company, no woman need be afraid, I have never up being hurt before."

wired the long, narrow bath-house, and had washed themselves, and gone along the further passage, to find fresh clothing as they thought. I left to wash, instead, the gas-chamber and the twisted down which they had conditioned.

Some had fought against their fate and had attacked the guards with their naked hands. But, for those, too, there had been no escape. — unless going down under a cascade of automatic pistols could be counted as an easier release to death.

No, Conrad had known that he would never see Nicholas again.

He thought he would never see the guard again. But here he was, drinking in an Australian hotel with Nicholas. Conrad felt the worst roll down his side. He gave himself no more time to think, but went as quickly, saying too quickly, too loudly: "Ah, there you are, Nicholas!"

His friend turned to him; the big man nodded Nicholas said: "Conrad, I would like you to meet Joseph Weather, a fellow countryman of ours. I have been telling him of you."

Weather put out his hand. Conrad had to force his fingers to strengthen and take the hand, though it revealed him. "It's good to meet a fellow Aussie, as the Aussies here."

Weather said hastily: "The moment I heard your friend ask for a beer I knew by his voice that circumstances were near."

Conrad fought himself under control. He couldn't take his eyes off the man. Obviously he hadn't been recognized. Why should Weather remember him? One of a hundred forgotten unhappy faces.

"Remembrance?" he murmured. "The camps, Yunnan the flower festivals, all the rest of it," Weather continued. "But it's good to think it's all behind us, in a way, because they are reminders of other things we want to forget."

Conrad wanted to spit. That the man could mouth such hypocritical banquets! Nicholas seemed not to notice that Conrad was quiet. Weather did most of the talking.

Conrad found himself saying: "Where are you staying?"

He couldn't lose sight of the man for whom he had searched so long. Weather told them. It was in a hotel near the wharves. He was in a good hotel, happy and selling puffed goods. It wasn't the beer that made him tell. He liked to boast, to act the conqueror.

Nicholas was interested; he asked questions. Conrad asked himself

questions. What could he do? Report Weather to the authorities? But what would it prove? Weather must have been seriously hurt; papers must have been good. Conrad had no weapons, no evidence of it all except the picture in his brain. Probably not even Nicholas would believe him. Yet Weather might have some knowledge of Nicholas; he might know where she had been taken. It would be a first step after eight years. Everyone and Nicholas must be dead. Now, even Conrad thought so too, but he couldn't help thinking that perhaps there was a slight chance, a very slight chance, that she was still alive.

Somewhere he had to find out for sure. Somewhere he had to make himself friendly to this man. But he couldn't maintain it indefinitely; he had to know soon.

He was suddenly aware that Weather was saying: "There's plenty of beer at my pub at night. Come down to-night. I can get some women, if you're not too busy."

"Oh, I don't think so," Nicholas said slowly. "Conrad and I, we—"

Conrad slapped him on the back. "Conrad and you will go," he said. "It will be a change for us and opportunities like this will be rare in future."

Nicholas stood at him. "It's not like you," he said. "But you're right." He turned to Weather: "Then we go into the army," he said. "Let's make this a celebration."

Why not? Weather said in his big voice. "When a man finds himself four hours he plans to celebrate." He raised his head on Conrad's shoulder. "Brighten up, old man, you seem too serious." He threw a note on the bar and didn't wait for change. "See you soon," he shouted and walked away briskly.

To Conrad the back view could only confirm a certainty. This was

the man. The clothes were different, the setting changed, but the man was the same. He still suggested as if his battles were reaching. He was the conqueror. And conquerors don't have consciences; they couldn't afford to.

"A cheerful fellow!" Nicholas said, pleasantly. Nicholas responded to generous people.

"Yes," Conrad said. He didn't want Nicholas to know, he had learned long before that secrets shared were secrets weakened.

The street near the wharves was dark and cold. A man ran along the street as Conrad and Nicholas walked alone. Something dropped from a window. The boxes of ships heaved over the iron fences of the docks. Three lanterns shined along, speaking softly, and a girl came after them, looking behind her.

Conrad was told. His brain wasn't ordered, so he tried it to be. Usually he was confident, but never he had looked in Weather's face he felt stopped. It was like standing there in Raskolnikov, angry, shrewd, afraid and wholly hapless and frustrated.

They saw the pub—the Seaman's Arms, a square, brown building. They found Weather easily, in an upstairs room overlooking the street and the wharves. "A man must live close to his work to be able to concentrate," he said, working.

"You must make a lot of money in the business," Conrad said.

"Earning!" Weather shouted. "Are you worth his salt makes money! Only speaking jollyish never rob a man up the wrong way."

He took their coats and hats into his bedroom. It adjoined the small lounge they were in. There was plenty of whisky and beer on the table. Some women arrived, then went out. Weather's voice echoed

over the steadily ascending dome.

Despite his revulsion Conrad found himself attracted to Westton, the man's Majesty fascinated him. The big man was talking two of the women how he had been an underground fighter in Europe after escaping from a concentration camp.

He saw Conrad and drew him into the circle. "Conrad here's a fighter, too," he said. "We're all fighters, we new Americans, eh, Conrad?"

"That's right," he said. "We never forget an enemy, do we Joseph?"

He said it with more significance than he intended and Joseph looked at him sharply for a moment. Then he believed. "No, by God! We can bear a brother with the best of them!" He grabbed a bottle and broke the neck off with his hand. The women screamed. Conrad bit his tongue. The crack was just the same as Stokely's finger had sounded on that fateful day. He turned away. A woman said "Big show off! He'll talk too big one of these days." She looked

her arm in Conrad's. "Get me a drink, darling. You look more my type."

He got her a drink, but only nipped his own; he wanted a clear head. The woman was young and wild-eyed. She didn't interest him. "This is the shape," she was saying, jerking her hand towards Westton. "Krother, the things he's mixed up in! Two more things, one of these days he'll crackle in on someone else's racket and they'll get angry."

She peered at him intently. "What's your racket, sweetheart? You in the shape?"

Conrad smiled. "I've got a few." She put her arm round his neck. "Of course you have," she said. "You're a real, aren't you? But how many shapes? Much as Joseph?"

He just went on smiling and she gave it up. The noise was terrific. Someone played the piano. Looking through the window Conrad could see the dark shape across the road. It was unusual to see them so close. He

watched Westton, watched him take drink after drink. It was nearly midnight before he looked at it. The crowd reminded him of the men from the guard's quarters at Buchenwald.

Westton was alone for a moment, pouring drinks at a table. Something snapped Conrad towards him. Westton looked up, grinning. The scar faded when he grinned. "Good time?" he said. "Not better than Austin, eh?"

"None," Conrad said more easily than he felt. "Joseph, I've been meaning to ask you. Did any of those people you worked away in tracks from Buchenwald ever live?"

Westton didn't look up. "Not one!" he exclaimed. "Not—" And then he dropped the bottle. His eyes were bright and alarmed. He looked quickly about him. The vegetation of the near-drunk dropped off him. He was sharp—and dangerous. "Listen," he said in a low voice, "what—"

"Nothing else," Conrad said tightly

"That's all I wanted to know." Though he told himself he had known it all the time, it was hard not to hope.

He felt Westton's eyes on him, the big man wasn't shouting now. Conrad went to the door, slowly. Nobody had seen him. He didn't look at Westton.

He slipped through, shut it quickly and ran down the stairs. He had to double for the door lock on the dark and the lobby lightened him. Westton would follow quickly. The street was darker, colder. To the left two cigarettes glowed. A woman laughed from the shadows across the street. Noise came from the party overhead. Conrad slipped to the right, knipped close to the wall. He put his hand in his pocket.

A door slammed. Conrad went up two steps and pressed himself into the room made by a door. The back of his hand pressed against a door-knocker. He took his hand out of his pocket. There were footsteps on



A WORD FOR A
MUCH DEPLORED HABIT

They say that standing up in
bars

Is crude, uncivilized

But I say sitting is strictly
for eating

And not for drinking devised

Well, Yes, I like to drink
standing

Because it is easier for

When you get drunk on your
feet to sit on a seat

Then it is in some lusher bar

To get on your feet when
you've set on a seat

While you had too much
drink by for

the footpads. A car swung into the
street, dimming its lights. It stopped
outside a wharf some distance past
the pub.

It was the way Conrad wanted it,
yet now there was something loose
about it, and although he was fully
prepared for what he had to do, his
heart was hammering and his mind
was numb. He had a feeling of un-
certainty, as though his plan was a
poor long-ago conversation to memory
—a familiar, but half-forgotten. He

had a sudden awareness that anything
—any casual thing like an unexpected
passer-by—could undo his plan, but
he had no intention of relaxing his
purpose.

It appeared to him that though
everything was planned, something
could still go wrong—and he wondered
whether, in that event, he would be
glad to pay the penalty. The possibility
These was grim humour in the
thought, and he made himself say that
even if he had to pay, he would go
through with what he had to do. Life
was sweet; but this was security,
unavoidable.

Conrad felt the sweat trickle down.
His feet were clumsy. The footsteps
were quicker, more anxious now.
Then a big figure appeared. Conrad
let him go a pace past the doorway
before he sprang, his hand flying up
and down.

Wootton coming on his head as the
garrotte fell over his head and round
his neck. His fingers flew to the wire,
clutching it frantically. He looked
anxiously at Conrad and swore. Con-
rad dodged behind him, grasping the
black wire in one hand and pushing
Wootton with the other.

The two, strong pangs were cut like
a knife. Wootton went down on his
knees almost at once, his fingers still
tucked at the wire which was no
longer there. Conrad was breathing
heavily. Quite suddenly Wootton fell
over, almost motionlessly. Conrad let
the wire drop. Wire didn't show
fingerprints.

He would go quickly back to the
pub and would not be missed. No-
body would suspect him.

He walked briskly, and yet with a
slight swagger. Like a conqueror.



"The—er—little old secretary has been completed I presume?"

THERE'S NO PLACE....."

FOUNDATIONS LAID BY GIBSON



At least! You have laid the plans... the estimate... high blood pressure... and a slow creeping paralysis of the bank account!

Builders are smoking men who hell way through the job discover that they can get vast quantities of unproportionate material at four times the cost!



Although the painter seems to have got his cameras for painting a moderate sized home filled up with those of an eight-storied block of flats... there still never seems to be enough paint to do the job!

The plumber and electrician are the boys who tear up floor boards and back holes in the wall after the plasterer has worked up a nice finish... by this time your bank balance has developed galloping consumption!



Finished at last! Our home!... our castle!



Who blamed that dog?



STRANGER and Strangers



VIRGIL EYES . . .

According to extant records, the smallest baby ever born alive is claimed by a New York matron, Miss Miss Post—a daughter, who weighed just eleven ounces at birth. The British record is said to be the thirteen-oz. son of a Newcastle-on-Tyne workman.

THE INKEY WAY . . .

A London news-sheet reports that a printing ink has been developed which gives off the smell of tea; a second ink smells of coffee; and a third of cocoa . . . presumably for morning newspapers. A hint that a fourth ink—delicately flavoured with ham—is being prepared for script writers seems to be a likelihood.

BOVINE BIRTH-CONTROL . . .

It has been announced from Britain that cows about to calve can now call the "doctor" themselves . . . with the aid of a new invention. The invention consists of a microphone fitted above the stalls in which the cows stand. The bovine's bewailings (when in labour) are transmitted through a loud-speaker to the farmer's house. On the same line, Captain W. J. Goldsworthy has given word of having to go downstate on his prisoner of night to quieten his dogs at Fratton, Exeter. Now he has a microphone by his bed. When the dogs bark, he speaks into the mike. The dogs (so he says, anyway) take

the hint and shut up.

CLEANLINESS AND . . .

When bath-tubs were first introduced into the United States about a century ago, apophthegmatic authorities were urged to restrict their use by taxation. The State of Virginia placed a tax of \$18 a year on them; in 1841 (in Rochester) the unsexed anatomy went further; baths were declared illegal unless advised by a doctor.

BOUNCING SUMMAN . . .

Falling off buses is (officially) still in a day's work for 40-year-old Driving Instructor Albert Fisher. Stay performer at London Transport's accident demonstration team, turned to aid the post-safety campaign, Fisher plays the part of a passenger and falls from the platform of a moving double-decker bus four times in each twenty-five minute show. Asked how he enjoyed his job, Mr. Fisher coyly replied: "We really as easy as falling off a log—once you know how."

FASHION NOTES . . .

Young British ladies are reported to have started a fashion which is making their girl-friends think furiously. Latest mode is "farcy pants" in two-colour tans—the trousers legs in one colour. The turn-ups, pocket-flaps and waist-band are another. Most favoured are bluey-green trousers with grey flaps and turn-ups.



"And he has the most original way of telling you the same old story"
CAVALCADE, March, 1952

STRIP

with a sipp . . .



For thousands of years . . . even before the illustrious location of old Pompeii and Ancient Rome, water-pouring their fingers in spouts in the center, the Sage of Ship has opened up where after this (in all content) . . . and to-day, in California, the present-working business has taken on new pleasure as this business house — David G. Nelson, to pay — introduces a new sophisticated blood of Sailer . . .



For instance, to parody the late Mose Defvo W. & Gilbert has been that even Tin-pen Alby's realizing that the copyright has lapsed, anyway! — that bright-pitch made, well, not of steel, but something, — not very hard to feel, it doesn't weigh a lot — and it isn't very hot — but



Off this breast-plate goes... whereupon the Master was inspired to vocal "Go-sh-sh-sh-ho-ho-ho-sh-ho-sh-ho-ho-sh-ho," and, if he had anything like this in mind, we don't say that we blame him... can you? Still, it's just an idea... Dieters' just beginning... We'll be seeing more of her... and... more, we hope... a lot

printers to BETTER HEALTH

ANTI-WOG . . .

Development of a new anti-malaria drug, 1,000 times as powerful as quinine and at least 100 times as powerful as stibine drugs used to prevent malarial in World War II is revealed by the American Chemical Society. It is claimed that on some of the new substance would constitute a five-to-ten-year supply for the average patient. The drug is being tested with malarial victims in Nigeria, Africa. No exact name has yet been chosen; the drug at present is known as "1-Parachlorophenyl-2,4-Diamino-6-Ethylpyrimidin."

MIGRAINE MYSTERY . . .

Migraine is not an ordinary headache. For one thing, it usually affects one side of the head only. For another, it may be as severe as to lead to collapse. There are several useful drugs which may prevent an attack or lessen one if it has started; but these should be prescribed by a doctor. Moreover you can take potassium. As soon as you feel the attack coming, lie down in a darkened room, sleep if you can. There is no better remedy. After recovery, keep on a light diet for a day or two. During convalescence it may chafe you to reflect that migraine sufferers are usually of higher intelligence than normal.

OVER-DOSE . . .

You can get too much of a good thing... even of a vitamin. It seems

A report in the "Journal of the American Medical Association," describes what is believed to be the first case of the effects of an overdose on a grown person. Patient was a 36-year-old woman who was losing the hair on her head when she consulted doctors. She had already lost eyebrows and eyelashes, was suffering bone and joint pains, nose and cuts in her mouth and nostrils and was a married brown on her forehead and cheeks. Doctors discovering she had been overdosing herself with vitamin A for a year and a half to cure a cough. When the vitamin A was stopped, her trouble cleared up. The report adds that, as more potent preparations of vitamin A are available now than formerly, medicine should be alert to symptoms of overdosage which may appear when doses previously thought safe are taken.

NERVOUS DIARRHOEA . . .

Fear, excitement and guilt play an important role in causing chronic diarrhoea, according to Dr. Albert J. Sullivan of the Colman Clinic, New Orleans. The doctor claims that about 40 per cent of cases of chronic diarrhoea are of nervous origin. He explains that the colon is a favourite organ for the discharge of emotional tension in adults and adds that, not only chronic diarrhoea but most forms of irritable or spastic colon and such chronic constipation are marked in origin.



Crime in Cannon Street

"UNSOLVED" crimes—to stress the obvious—are not "rare." After the police place a crime into the "unsolved" dossier, they are probably satisfied in their own minds that they have solved it. They feel that they know who committed the crime, but they have been unable to get a conviction. A link in the chain is missing.

One very weak link is evidence in the identification of a suspect or at near the scene of the crime.

In London in the latter of the last century, almost every business house had a caretaker living in the premises and the caretaker was often a widow who acted also as a sort of

housekeeper, serving meals to the house during the day. On the night of April 11, 1888, such a caretaker-housekeeper lived on the top floor of Messrs. Revington, Barrons and Jackson's offices, 2 Cannon Street. She had been employed by the firm for some time . . . and she was a widow. She was also to become the victim of what later became known as "The Cannon Street Murder."

Her name was Sarah Milson.

Mrs. Milson was not alone at the entrance at night. Revington also employed a female cook (who also lived on the top floor), and a porter, who lived out.

On the night of April 11, the porter

looked up the building and then shouted through a speaking tube to Mrs. Milson, who was in the room above. He told her that he had looked up and was ready to leave. She went downstairs, collected the keys (including that of the safe) from him, put out the light in the lobby and saw him off the premises. When she went back upstairs, it was about nine o'clock.

About ten minutes later the front door bell jangled. The cook, who was in her bedroom, started for the stairs but Mrs. Milson, who was on the floor below—in the dining room at the living quarters—called out "It's for me!" "It's no use."

The cook waited. She heard no sounds from below . . . not even a voice. After some time had passed she concluded that Mrs. Milson had not returned upstairs.

She found Mrs. Milson lying a few feet from the front door. Her head had been bashed in!

The dead body was not far from the stairs, over which much blood had been spilt. Beside the body lay an open crowbar.

The cook told the police that Mrs. Milson had had a man enter on several evenings before the murder; she told (she claimed) heard the voice of a man who had come only to the door, she had not seen the man, but presumably he had come twice for money. At least, Mrs. Milson had borrowed £25 from the cook one night just before the murder, a loan she later repaid.

The police made a thorough search at Mrs. Milson's belongings, and in a box found an interesting letter.

"Mrs. Milson, the bearer of this I have sent to you on my advance. I have taken this occasion, as I have received so much sympathy from Mrs. Webster that I can get no wife

at no longer. I will propose terms to you which you may accept or not at your pleasure. Failing to your agreeing to the proposal, he is instructed by me to ask Mr. Revington, and explain to him how the matter stands. You have passed the worst season you get forward for borrowing the money—doctor's bills and physicians for your husband, which you know was not so. I shall also have him bring your sister before Mr. Revington, if necessary, or your attorney, complete my address to go to the relevant. Signed George Terry."

With this letter, enclosing the "accept" instead of "except" although presumably written by a fairly well-educated man, was a receipt:

"Received of Mrs. Milson, Ed. W. Denton, for George Terry, 20 Old Church."

This letter contained a threat, to disclose some dubious transaction to Mrs. Milson's employer unless certain money were paid, an other words almost amounted to blackmail.

Which was definitely something to go on.

In the meantime, other police had been sound and about. In No. 1, Cannon Street, next to Revington's, a widow named Robbins was the housekeeper. She said that she had been out for a couple of hours on the night of the murder and had spent some short time minutes to see. She saw the hall for her servant, Catherine Collins, to open the door but while she was waiting, Revington's front door was violently slammed. This "drew her attention." She saw a man in dark clothes and a hat hat leaving the premises. He looked at her and the hall light fell on his face. He then ducked his head and hurried away. He was without doubt, the killer—but who was he?

The police went along to 29 Old Chicago to call on George Terry, but George had shifted his lodgings to St. Clare's Workhouse. He naturally had a perfect alibi.

When Mrs. Milson's husband had been shown the alibi, Terry had been a next-door neighbor, both he and his wife had been friends of the Milsons. Mr. Milson had died and Mrs. Milson had later been in need of money. Terry had helped her raise a loan of £50 from a Mrs. Webster—a loan which had not been repaid.

Terry added that he had later moved to lodgings at Danvers Street, in the same house was a man named "Bill"—the only name he knew. At the end of 1925 he was getting closer to the workhouse. He told Bill that he had some money owing to him (although it was actually owing to Mrs. Webster), Bill promised to get it.

They bought some newspapers. Bill wrote a letter to a pub called "The Globe." Terry said he did not know the contents.

The two men went from the pub to Casan Street. Terry pointed out Reevingsham. "Bill" called on Mrs. Milson. He was gone about half an hour; when he returned he told Terry he had collected twelve shillings—having put eight half in his sock—out of which he took a commission. "Bill" may have got £2 and secured a receipt for only one penny.

At all events he mentioned that Mrs. Milson had had to borrow the money from the bank. ("Bill" was not exactly a truthful man.)

Terry said he had never sent "Bill" to Mrs. Milson for any more money (of Mrs. Webster). He did not know if "Bill" had ever got any further cash from the woman.

The unassigned prosecution then went in search of Bill. They discovered that his real name was Bill—

Bill Smith, in fact—and that he was living in 5 Eton Square, Eton. They gathered him in and he was charged at Bow Street.

Next the constabulary tried a rather questionable method of identification.

Mrs. Robbins was taken to stand at her door and watch for the man she had seen. Smith walked along Cassan Street—between two plainclothes policemen? Not surprisingly, she picked him.

He was taken to the Museum Street and placed in a line-up. After two weeks to the hearing, Mrs. Robbins picked him again.

Kelvey seems to have found it strange that she took two trips in identity a man she had seen a few minutes before.

The police then found an Eton house-builder named Henry Giles who said that on April 11 or 12, he had asked Smith to have a game of dominoes, but Smith had said he had to go to London and back that night. Giles said he couldn't do the twenty miles each way at the time and called Smith a liar.

Perhaps Smith was a liar, but the police proved that he could do the journey in the time.

When Smith appeared at the Old Bailey on June 21 before Mr. Baron Bramwell he had a solid reputation—Sergeant Ballantyne, the equally famous Managere Williams, and Ralph Little (later Sir Ralph) and a Judge. Smith's defense was an alibi. The prosecution suggested that Smith had been collecting mementoes on his last from Mrs. Milson; had been keeping the money himself, and had murdered Mrs. Milson when she had threatened to expose his blackmailing or blackmail.

It was also alleged that he had deliberately brought along the crowbar to kill the woman. The police

brought Mrs. Robbins to testify that she saw Smith leave Reevingsham on the night of the murder, and other witnesses to prove he could easily have left Eton after half-past seven and be back by half-past eleven.

The defense testified that a strong witness who testified that they had seen Smith in Windsor—across the Thames from Eton—at the time the murder was committed. A plain-clotheser said he had seen Smith in a pub in Windsor between eight and half-past three when claimed they had played cards with Smith at that time.

in the same pub.

The jurymen called Smith Not Guilty.

Smith is no doubt long since dead, for at a eighty-two years from 1898 to 1922. The murder is not likely to be solved now. The police gave it up when Smith was turned up . . . but why? Wasn't there a possibility that someone else knew about the loan and was keeping blackmail on Mrs. Milson? It would be tough luck for a lot of us if we got killed for not paying our debts!

WATSIDO STOPS

By GRUYAS WILLIAMS



Hints for the FAMILY NURSE



EDSON L. STANHAED

Dedicated to the Home Nurse . . . with some slight suggestions
as to how she can ease some of the weight from ailing feet

WHEN Little Johnny, or Big Johnny, or Grandmother gets sick, the family doctor is summoned. That's routine. But after the doctor has prescribed and left, none of the greatest doctors in the patient's community depend on the homemaker, mother or family friend who becomes the "home nurse."

To make the patient comfortable, as the home nurse will want to do, it isn't necessary to buy a lot of ex-

pensive gadgets. What's more, if's often wiser because the bed table, backrest or special bed will get very hot; use even the patient has recovered. Such things can be improvised economically.

For instance, leaning back against soft pillows may create a headache. A solid support is much better. A solid, comfortable backrest may easily be made from an ordinary cardboard carton. Shit the carton along

the seams at the back, and along the top seams of the sides. The top flap and the back can then open out flat. These diagonal lines on the two side flaps cover the open end. Double these two sides back and fasten with string tape. Then fold back the rear. The top flap will then fold down to rest on the diagonal sides, completing the back rest. Cover the entire backrest with clean linen or muslin.

One mother used a cardboard carton to make a bedtable for her ailing son and her attention was so successful that the boy lasted on keeping it even after he had recovered.

"I didn't want to spend the money for a bed table," his mother told me, "so I tried a tray. I tried the ironing board. I tried everything I could think of, but I just couldn't use them comfortably."

"I had just about decided we'd have to buy a bed table—and they're pretty expensive, you know—when our delivery boy came with the prescription. The doctor gave me an idea."

With her kitchen shears, she cut some-cards of opposite ends of the box, deep enough to fit over his thighs. She cut small hand-holes in the other ends to make it easy to carry.

"I wasn't at all sure it would work, so I took the rough 'table' into his room and placed it over his lap for a try-out before I did any more. It worked perfectly. I was sturdy, just the right height, and easily moved. The only thing wrong—well, a funny way—was its appearance, but that was fixed easily and I got him helping me."

"I got another piece of cardboard for the top, to eliminate the bumps from the seams, and fastened that in place while I looked for something to cover the whole table with. I found some old sheets, some wallpaper

remnants, old Christmas wrapping paper and some aluminum foil. We speed made a lot of time, choosing which covering looked best, and fast finally decided on the aluminum foil."

Another very important comfort item is the "doughnut" to protect bony parts of the body from constant friction against the bedclothes. A doughnut can be made by rolling a sock or stocking down to the toe and pressing it into a circle with your fingers, or by wrapping a couple of cotton tin bands. Kneads and heels then can be placed in the middle of the padded circle, relieving pressure on these frequently irritated places.

Like heels and elbows, the backs of bedridden patients' knees are often a source of discomfort. Too often when a pillow is placed under the knees, the benefits are only temporary. One lady I know told me: "I got really tired of putting the pillow under his knees, then taking it away, changing sides—only to have to put it back again in a half hour."

One thing always to remember is that the patient's body should be kept in the best natural alignment; it should not slump here and there there. We all know that anyone who slumps when he has feet turned more quickly than the person who stands properly. It's equally true that a person who sleeps or lies down with head, back and legs in alignment rests easier than the one who doesn't.

Yet when the doctor orders the patient's feet elevated—or his head—don't rush out to buy an elevator bed. Except for hospitals or for the patient who must spend months in such a position, the elevator bed is an unnecessary expense. But be sure you find a safe way to raise the bed. Two such safe methods are taught by the American Red Cross in the Home Nursing Course. Both can be made

at no greater cost than the expenditure of a half-hour's time.

Remove the tops from two cans of the same size—quart or gallon. Fill each can to within about two inches of the top with sand, wadded newspaper, or something else which will give a firm base. Put the tops back on the cans. Remove the corners from the top of the bed and put the legs inside the cans.

Get make two stacks of newspapers of equal height. Place them securely to prevent them from slipping. Then, with a razor blade, knife or scissors, cut a hole in the center of each stack, about two inches deep. Place the bed legs in the holes and, for the method of raising the bed, leave the corners on for greater support.

Often the house nurse must call on her authority for actual administration of her doctor's orders. Frequent steep tubulations were prescribed for the mother of one such home nurse, and the mother complained anxiously of the time and bother each time she had to sit up in bed to take her treatments. The daughter felt there must be some way she could give a steam inhalant that would do the work in the most comfortable way.

She raised an apron underbed on the bed by her mother's head, draped a blanket over it, leaving a small opening at the side. Then she made a coat of newspapers and placed it so the wind and covering the pot of steaming water and the small and extended up under the apron. The steam, directed into the apron, circulated around the enclosed space and created a miniature steam room. Her mother, lying on her side facing the opening of the "tent," got full benefit of the steam without any need to exert herself.

Bedridden women patients especially appreciate skillfully given steam-puffs. Although this may seem difficult, it can be easily and easily handled with just a shower curtain and a basket.

Have the patient lie with her head extending slightly over the side of the bed after you have spread out the shower curtain under her. Funnel the curtain down into the basket, giving full protection to the backrest—and the patient. As the steam proceeds, the suds and water will drain down into the basket.

Food should be served in small portions, as appetizing and colorfully as possible. Large portions are liable to cause the patient to stuff himself—or sadly enough—not eat as much as he should. And one major consideration: cold foods should be served cold, hot foods hot.

We all know the inconvenience of a dripping water faucet. But often we fail to realize the annoyance caused by the plinking of the neckroom door-bell as visitors—and the house nurse—come and go. This annoying noise can be avoided by tying a sock or stocking around the handle and outside doorknob so the cloth covers the latch. The cloth will hold the door shut, and at the same time get rid of the annoying "clack" as trying to a sock person.

For house nurses faced with the need of applying hot applications—and who don't have a hot water bottle—a bag of salt or sugar heated in the oven, serves the purpose well. Wrapped in a double thickness of toweling to protect the skin, the warm cotton acts as a "heat" and lets the patient relax.

Yes, there are *unavoidable*, "tricks" to my trade, and being nursing tricks are countless. Dependent only on the inventiveness and ingenuity of the nurse.



Jack Tunney

*'Your dinner was most delicious, my dear,
but I'm afraid I made a bag of myself.'*



contrived for a CORNER

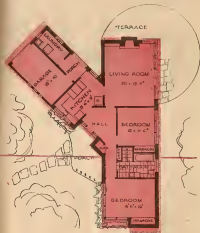
There are several points in favour of home building lots situated on a corner, and these inevitably call for a different approach in the matter of design from the more frequent inside lots. CAVALCADE suggests a corner lot plan with a driveway incorporating the garage, to provide easy access from the least important street.

The entrance is at the junction of the two wings, which places it as near as possible to the centre of the house. The living room overlooks the rear garden and opens through full length glass doors on to a stone-paved terrace. The kitchen serves direct to the living room, one end of which would be used for dining. There is also a meal access to the kitchen.

The two bedrooms are placed one each side of a roomy and well-equipped bathroom.

Outboard accommodation in the house consists of a built-in wardrobe to each bedroom, a large linen cupboard, and a glass cupboard opening from the entrance hall. The kitchen is also well fitted up with cupboard space in the modern manner.

The minimum footage required to accommodate this house is 60 feet. The overall area, including the garage, is 1540 square feet, but the plan is elastic and considerable variation in room sizes, thus reducing or increasing the overall area, is possible.



THE HOME OF TO-DAY (20) 66

PREPARED BY W. WATSON SHARP, A.R.A.I.A.

Wizards

can be wily



GAY DOYLE

I KNOWET to report that—as at evening—I have never been privileged to behold with a Real, Genuine, Grade A-magicked, Dyst-in-the-Wool Wizard.

I have, of course, been on reading terms with several Stone Magicians . . . one of whom actually chased me publicly by attempting to hypnotize me and then chasing me over the footlights because I declined to swoon into his arms. But the Authentic Article . . . unfortunately, NO!

It has been a source of sadness to me . . . especially after reading the steady assertions which were delivered for perhaps more vividly (magical) character have compiled of these experiences in this line. But lately I have begun to have two doubts.

It strikes me now that the three-card trick may not have been one of the major discoveries of modern civilization and that the wizards had a hard time of their own.

Consider, for example, Alexander the Magician, who is alleged to have spelled his spell well over 200 years ago.

From the record, Alexander — to quote the doubtful sightings of the

magical number of his era—he “was tall of stature, of sanguine aspect, a fair complexion, eyes that sparkled with an awe-commanding fire and a voice to the last degree powerful and melodious.” To these, he added “the grace of carriage and voice.” In fact, an All-Greek Paper-Wolf.

With these advantages (plus a little Right-of-Hand), Alexander’s fame not immediately spread through Greece and soon hordes of awe innocents were trampling themselves to death to confide their woe and the secrets of their pocket into his keeping.

Unfortunately the Alexander’s there happened to be differing up the landscape at that time a penny-pin artist of an even calder whose name was Lucius.

With the aid of a true Delirious, Lucius revealed all the dirt—and it was plenty. Alexander, the Lucius claimed, got his start in life at a town called Pella which harbored a congregation of snake-worshippers. The serpents in question were reported to go on terms that “they inhabited the houses of the provinces and slept in bed with the children, if you tread on them, they showed no signs of anger, and they sucked the breasts of the women to whom it might be of service to draw off milk.” The Wizard-To-Be suspected these pleasing reports and grasped his opportunity. Performing the biggest serpent he could find, he sped to the city of Alexander in Asia.

Here he was delighted to beg on a God-less shrine surrounded by a mob. It was everything that Alexander desired. Equipped with a stone cap, he scrambled into the mob, snatched the folk out of the off! inspired a newly-hatched snake ascender, and buried the whole in the mud.

Then he peered into the city market place to announce “The God! The

God! I have found the God!”

“Where?” demanded the populace. “Yorlos,” announced Alexander, and led the throng to the mob.

Knee-deep in stone, he waved an empty bag and—evidently to show he had nothing up his sleeve—and, plunging it into the dirt, dug out an egg. Momentarily breaking the eggshell, he collected—green what?—a snake. And when the whole “bowed itself lovingly about his fingers in the presence of the admiring multitude,” Alexander was an instantaneous success.

But he waited for several days until every peasant and yokel had gathered to the city to view the miracle-maker. Then Alexander again commanded to step forward. But with a difference. Instead of a ray malevolent writhing in his fingers, a huge serpent appeared. Its coils about his neck and, passing under his armpit, poured over his shoulder with a head strangely human. The astounded on-lookers could scarcely believe their eyes. (As a matter of fact, it was their error that they did.)

And Alexander was not finished. His Snake would also answer questions . . . in a small and select company, in an inside room and at black-market prices.

With mankind, however, expense is no object. There were immediate takers. Small children bricked into the inner room to ask their questions. The snake, indeed, flickered its forked tongue, and replied. The effect sensation followed back in the public square to word Alexander’s stock soaring to astronomical heights.

With what most certainly stood as one of the world’s masterpieces of understatement, an eye-witness remarks: “All the spectators were struck as it were dumb, not only to see a little dainty serpent prove in a few days to be a magnificent size and ex-

It may be magical; but brother, the head can often describe an eagle-eye.

WARE wags! While harem

Menophyloids are unduly debating ways and means of eliminating themselves from the landscape, it seems to be suffering an over-population trouble and are well on the way to inhunting the earth. Latest estimates seem that, in variety of forms, insects account for 75 per cent of all known forms of animal life, with over 800,000 described species and about 20 times as many yet undiscovered.

hitting the features of a human countenance, but also to hear the monster speak with human words."

All, that is, except Lucius.

Lucius examined his spine and passed more nervous involutions.

"Help!" he deplored in effort. "The populace of Abaddon were a pack of fools. That huge serpent of Alexander's wasn't the most sinister; it was the reptile he had thieved from Pella. That head wasn't human, it was 'brilliantly formed of linen.' And as for the serpent answering questions . . . Haden, didn't you see how the snake to me that Alexander had fitted a tube (carefully concealed) which stretched from the snake's mouth through the wall into an adjoining room where another man scribbled impromptu answers to the select committee's queries?"

On the face of the evidence, Alexander—even in this degenerate modern era—would immediately have been tossed into a cell on a conspiracy. But was he? No, he was not. Alexander's advisors reacted for their ideal a

murder jungle wherein he reeked happily until either his snakes died or he did.

Alexander, however, was not alone in his glory. He had, for instance, a tall stout man Doctor Lamb who wall wren the hearts of all husbands by preventing one of best wives for a too-hardy return home that ever saved a man from the dog-house.

Dr. Lamb (it is rumored) existed about 500 years ago and was reputed to be "a celebrated sorcerer." His diams were varied and valuable . . . but none of them was lucifer than a certain anonymous gallant.

This gallant staggered back home in the wee, small hours of Abaddon.

He was tip-toeing cautiously upstairs when all hell (and it wasn't his wife) broke loose. Lightning flashed, thunder belatedly hurricane-squalls reduced the house like a tea-table.

"Help! Help!" the gallant heard his wife scream. Abandoning decorum, he dashed to her aid. He had just reached her bedside when the tempest ceased as suddenly as it had burst. The moon shone, stars twinkled; there was a holy calm.

"What?" demanded the gallant's wife faintly. "You've been with Doctor Lamb?"

"Yes, my dear," he confessed Owing with aplomb and abandon. "I was this night sitting with Doctor Lamb in his room, when presently . . . to my no small surprise . . . a tree sprang up from the middle of the floor. Next moment, three dwarfs, with three little ears, began to tell the tree. As it crashed to the floor, the three dwarfs whisked long together. 'They call for the wind that will tonight tell that tree,' the wise Doctor explained. 'That's what made me late . . . and that's what caused the storm!'"

The wife believed him. They really did believe things like that in those days.

Still, something seems to have gone wrong. Maybe earnest husbands overdid Dr. Lamb and succeeded in so infuriating their wives that they killed the piece that laid the curse upon domestic harmony. At all events, in 1848, Dr. Lamb's house was "warned" by a mob of angry fanatics who tore him to pieces in the streets . . . an unmerciful receipt to convulsed bliss.

Then there was Henry Cavallade Agrippa, renowned as a philosopher, scholar, alchemist and sage. Though he was born in 1812, Master Henry stands positively contemporary. He was especially noted for two things:

(a) Agrippa was in the habit of issuing cheques which—in case a phony—"balanced." In other words, whenever he dined and wineed (particularly wineed) at an inn, he would

"pay his bill in counterfeit money, which at the time of payment appeared of sterling value, but in a few days after lost its gloss and became valueless pieces of brass." From which, whimsy, misheggers had no trouble whatsoever in convincing themselves that the Professor was obviously required by evil spirits.

And (b) he kept a black dog. As he lay a-dying, this faithful hound snuggled its collar ("a leathern band studded with nails which were thought to form a sacramental inscription") and leaped on to its master's bed. "Down! Down!" gaped the waiting Agrippa. "You've always warned me!" The two-beastie came shamk out of the room.

Naturally, current historians are loath to view this deduction with a finge of cynicism . . . but it did not prevent our ancestors from treating Agrippa with a healthy for unbelief, at you care to regard it) respect.





Tourist Taps: We know a traveller who claims that he crossed the Pacific twice without having a back . . . the dirty double-crosser • Which reminds us that a Tourist is a man who travels thousands of miles to get a photograph of himself standing by his car • To Let, Sir • Our Professional Bachelor is quiting his flat, since he can't stand the way his landlady insists on keeping everything so neat . . . including her gas • Tiva, for obscure reasons, leading us to observe that a Bachelor is a man who fails to embrace his opportunities • Still, who can blame him, our Office Herald has been heard muttering that his wife has changed a lot in 20 years . . . his habits, his friends and his house • Household Hints: There are three things a woman can make out of nothing—a hat, a salad, and a quarrel • Interiors in the strange instant that tells a woman she is right, whether she is or not • Tiny Tom Connors Almost every child would learn to write sooner if allowed to do his homework on wet cement • When youth calls to parents, they usually tie up the phone for a couple of hours • Being no doubt the reason why a boy's voice changes at adolescence, but a girl's when she answers the phone • Department For Dancers: A pliantive popo-teacher recently explained to the school inspectors that she had two most cherished children in her class . . . both of them had good manners • Shape-of-Things-to-Come Section: Tomorrow, we hope, will solve the traffic problem, there'll be no more city everyone will be at home . . . solving the stress • Then there's the pained paper who's been muttering correctly that her ex-husband not only lied to her about his yacht . . . he even made her do the mowing • Spotlight on Sports: A woman who's always grating her cords on the table probably has one hand • Discipline Dancers: A real Executive is a girl who can hand back a letter for a third re-typing to a red-headed stenographer • Health Hint: A hyperbolicist is mostly a star-struck character who can't leave home well enough alone • Geographic Note: What our roving correspondent likes about Form is not her longitude but her latitude • Literary Note: An historical novel is a book with a sharply wedge on the jacket, but not in the end

ONE SHORT STORY Going away Must sell—two high chairs, two drop-in cribs (with mattresses), twin push chair . . . Double-barrelled shotgun

KATH KING —

WHO'S WHO IN DRUG-LAND



BY PAUL BELBIN

AND SYLVIA SCHENBERG —

HAVING AGREED TO MEET
TRUCK TOOK HIM A
SOCIAL AFTERNOON TEA.
KATH KNEW WHERE AS
THE APPOINTED CORNER,
BUT IN THE END SHE NEVER



TRUCK IS LATE AND
THAT LONG MEAN
SHEEN WAS ONE IT COULD
MEAN HE'S FORGOTTEN
SHOULD HAVE WAIT
THE WITCHES



STILL WAITING THERE, KATH SEES A BIG CAR DRIVE BY THE WHEEL. SHE STEPS AWAY FROM IT. BUT A DOOR SWINGS OPEN TO.....



"-- AND A MAN REACHES OUT AND GRABS KATH BY THE WRIST....."

"HOP IN, QUICK!"



REVELOSCIO, KATH SEES SOME OF THE GUYS OF THE CAR AND LOOKS AT THE MAN -- A STRANGER!

"YOU SHOULD HAVE WORKED IN QUICKER."



THESE MEN HAVE NOT TAKEN ME FOR SOME -- BODY ELSE. SHOULD I....



KATH REQUESTS THAT SHE IS THE WIFE OF ONE BUT THE MEN IN THE CAR LAUGH HEAVILY.

"ADDRESS OF YOUR TRASTULINO, LUCILLE?"



THE NEW BOYS WILL LIKE YOU!



LEFT ALONE, KATH WONDERED WHO SHE IS SURVEILED BY WHO AND WHO THE NEW BOYS IS. HER ATTEMPT TO READ MISTAKEN IDENTITY HAS BEEN LAUGHED AWAY....



HELLO LUCILLE -- TRY EXPLAINING YOUR BEAUTY! EXPLAIN THE POSITION, WILL YOU?



"DIDN'T TRY TELL YOU THE SETUP?"

"TRY TOLD ME NOTHING."



"WELL, I'M THE NEW REGIONAL BOSS AND I HAVE NEW PLANS. CLEAR?"

"DEPENDS ON THE PLANS."



LATER, GIVEN HER INFO, KATH'S IDENTITY IS SHOWN OUT. SHE IS ALL TOO CLEAR. NOW, AS TO WHAT SHE IS CAUGHT UP IN, A BOSS SMUGGLING RING.....

"GOOD LUCK -- AND DON'T FAIL...."



MISTAKEN FOR ANOTHER SHE HAD TO GO TO A CONFIDENTIAL INVESTIGATION OF COLLECTED SMUGGLING DRUGS AND DELIVERED BACK TO HER FLAT.....



STILL FINDING WHAT
TO DO WITH KIDNAPERS THE
CITY HOPEFULLY GO
STRAIGHT TO THE POLICE
REASON



UNDER THE NAME OF HED-
ING A BOMBING-DEATH CASE
A SUSPECT IS NAMED
HERE



AND THAT THERE HAS
BEEN NO TO THE TELE-
PHONE. THE ONLY WAY
A TALK NOW



WANT MONEY, AND THE
WANTING TO COLLECT HERE
IN TWO MONTHS. THEY
THINK THEY CAN
HANDLED THE APPROX-
IMATE. WILL TRY TO GET
IN TOUCH WITH THEM



CONFIDENTIAL - SECURITY INFORMATION

[illegible]

WAVE HAVE HAD NO TROUBLE IN ESTABLISHING CONTACT WITH THE MAN THE WAVE TO MEET. THE HAVE CLOSELY FOLLOWED INSTRUCTIONS - SO FAR



HEARING TRUCK CALL
WRE FLAME, RATH
ROUND QUICKLY
TO WAVE BACK

1940



STEWART, LUCILLE
WENT 3 THIR. MORA. 6

[illegible]

I'M SORRY, BUT I
THINK YOU'RE LATE.
TAYLOR



YES, MISTAKEN GO, OF
I'LL CALL THE POLICE
THE POLICE, UNDERSTAND
NEW GO



WHILE MATH WORKS ON
THEIR HOME TELERAY GIVE
THE HARBORERS THE
WALL TRAVEL TO CON-
STANTLY DRAIN OF THE
COUNTRY - 1000 TELERAY



YEARS - SHE GAVE ME TWO
BROTHERS - ONE WHOLELY
AND I THOUGHT I WAS
DOING ALL RIGHT

WORTHINGTON, THOMAS HUGH
OF HANDBOROUGH



CONSIDERING TRUCK WITH
TWO KIDNAP DRIVERS FOR
LOOKING KATE, SYLVIAN
OFFERS TO SEE HIM HOME.



WELL KATE'S CRAZY
ABOUT TRUCK. I WONDER
WHO THE NEW BOY IS?



COMIN' UP FOR A LITTLE
DRINK?



THE NAVAL OFFICER DATE
BATH OUT OF THE NIGHT.
GIVE QUICKLY.



BATH IS TAKEN TO A
GANG HIDE-OUT FOR
CONFIRMATION ARE TO
READY FOR TROUBLE.



WHAT ARE YOU DOING
HERE SYLVIAN?



OF COURSE YOU WON'T
YOU WERE TOLD
TO COME HERE.



KATE BREATHES
AS THING IS
SCIENTIFICALLY
THAT IT IS TOO LATE TO
GET OUT OF TROUBLE.
SHE WONDER WHERE
SHE IS GOING NEXT.



SAYING SYLVIAN SHOULD
BATH SEES IN THE REAR-
VISION MIRROR A
REFLECTION OF FOLLOWING
HEADLIGHTS. JACKSONS
IF THEY ARE REALLY
BEING FOLLOWED.



I THOUGHT YOU WERE
ONE OF THE BOSS BOSS
WHO'D MANAGED TO
GET OUT OF TROUBLE.
SHE IS CAREFUL.



BUT WHY... WHY IS
YOU DIDN'T KNOW?



KATE NOW GETS A CLEAR
VIEW OF THE TROUBLE
SHE IS INVOLVED IN A
GANG FIELD.



REACHING THE HORIZONTAL POSITIONABLE WITH HER EYES OPEN, SHE SAW THE DOOR TO EIGHTEEN BREAKING HERSELF IN TWO, CRASHING AT THE SPEEDING WHEELS.



RYAN, NOW REALIZING THAT KATHA HAD BEEN DRIVEN HIS REVOLVER.



TRUCK TOOK AND TOLMAN DEAN. EXPLAIN THAT KATHA HAD FOLLOWED HER. EVERY HOUR SHE LEFT THE NIGHT CLUB.

TRUCK THOUGHT YOU HAD GIVEN HIM THE BRUSH.



THE SUDDEN HANDSHEW REACHED THE CAR, AND A WHIRL OF WHEELS AT WORTH ARE SHE TRYING TO UNTANGLE HERSELF FROM THE WRECKAGE.



BUT OUT OF THE DARK, HERE BURST A RED VIOLET RABBIT AND TWO CARDS AND CRASHED, WHILE...



IT WAS SYLVIA'S IDEA TO FOLLOW YOU.

YOU'RE MISSING THE END OF A ROSE - BURNER, BOY WHERE'S YOUR CAMERA?



Stiff luck, Dave- Mobiloil would'a kept yer gain"



Yes, Mobiloil will give you full protection, longer engine life, with a minimum of repair bills. Mobil oil is never an expense-but an investment. Always ask for Mobiloil by name.



Triple Action
Mobiloil

CLEANS, PROTECTS, LUBRICATES.



MOUNTAIN OF GHOSTS



ACROSS THE MOUNTAIN WAS A PLACE FROM WHICH NO TRAVELLER RETURNED THAT'S WHERE THE BOY CAME FROM.

MINA GRAY

• FICTION

A roaring roar answered the shot, a flash of gold and black.

WE were camped below Gungor Manin . . . Mountain of Ghosts. From an evil native in the side of the mountain ran a swollen yellow river to whose source no man has ever travelled, except perhaps the Tiger-Men themselves. Up the river we had been travelling for the last four days.

Gungor Manin is not exactly in my patrol country, but Ben Simpson had been anxious to see it. This was his first visit to the island. To withhold the Mountain of Ghosts from him, just because I didn't like the country would have been like look-

ing an adventure book away from an eager child. And even I must admit to a curious pride in this most beautiful and most terrible part of the island.

But it was an evil place. Its tangled valleys bred an unaccountable feeling of distrust . . . no breath of wind disturbed the clinging pall of haze, yet always there were strange rustlings in the half-light of the jungle . . . and it has always been known as had tiger country. The banks of the river looked deserted, but the heavy trees were full of eyes . . . great staring yellow eyes of beasts . . . bright malicious bird eyes . . . even the hazy, heavy flowers seemed to watch.

Not knowing the country, Ben didn't share my discomfort.

Darius and a couple of the police men pointed out pug marks in the sand, where the savage creatures of Gungor Manin . . . tigers . . . had

been investigating us on their way
to the materials during the night.

My own rejection was too order-
more from to be harsh that night,
and I looked forward wryly to stan-
ding my bunk bed with a rifle and a
shot gun. When I looked up again,
Shapana was staring beyond me at
the apaga green wall of the jungle.
In his eyes were the same peculiar
contentment that had been in the
eyes of Darun when he peered out
the large window. I frowned, for
Shapana was young and new to this
country. I didn't like it.

"Well, you can say you've seen Chester Hays now. We'll start back tomorrow," I said.

He shut slowly, "I wonder what it's like the other side." His eyes followed upward the sheer battlements of the mountain. "It looks like some great old stone dog."

I used to speak scornfully, "Ours
our Martin!"

"Has nobody ever seen the other side?"

"Of course, by all."

I know what he meant. The airman only sees a network of wires . . . he cannot penetrate to the hidden glooms beneath. A man must travel on foot and by path to reach the heart of this country. The only route was the other side of Gunung Harau are the mysterious ancient hills known as the "Three-Mac" who were held that stood against all comers for centuries. On the other side of the mountain is their home, and they alone know the secrets of the mountains which are always continuing to pull like an imprisoned fiend but which has not succumbed to human memory.

I saw no reason to tell him anything more about the place. I didn't want to continue the conversation. I said, "Baron knows a good deal farther

down . . . I'm going to try that new
and you brought me . . . coming
down?"

He shook his head. "I feel lucky I'm still around today."

I fished all day and caught three salmon to Dave's great awe when he was permitted to examine the slender rod and the thread-thin line. We were rather late going back and it was almost dark when we reached the edge of the camp.

Nonetheless, there were no other

"Lying. Toss 'em!"

As he spoke, three more men's screams of horror I scolded a couple of feet and poured down from behind a mound of rocks. Already the noise was softening the scene. I made out the figure of Simpson. He seemed to be on one knee. It was Simpson who had screamed. He was trying to get up. I couldn't see what had pushed him until a darker mass in the background beyond him moved. At that distance I couldn't see what it was. Why didn't I look closer? Sweet heeds out on me. I was too far away. Cold inside me. I thought, "His wife has passed." It was the sort of nightmare one dreams sometimes when in the family.

The dark man was approaching Simpson now in slowly bounding. Borneo had been right. Tiger! I crouched and ran and put up my rifle. A snarling roar answered the shot. There was a glint of gold and black. I had been in the mouth of a hurry and only wounded him. My body was melting into sweat. I had a job to keep my hands steady. If I missed again . . . I had a vision of Joe's marked body. The beast was roaring now, snarling with excitement and pain. Then suddenly there was another shot. The tiger leaped and fell, its head cut off as neatly as if somebody had cut into a ribbon.

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[illegible]

word. The shot had come from the other side of the clearing and it had killed the tiger with beautiful accuracy. Everything was silent for a minute and then around us, as we ran down to him, began again the usual, shuddering life of the jungle.

We got him back to camp. I supposed that he had stolen out to track the tiger and had taken up a position behind a rock. In manufacturing to get a better view of the wilderness, he had caught his foot in a cliff and wrenched his knee. What was worse, his foot had been held firm between the rocks so that he was trapped, and his rifle had rolled from his hand. Seeing that he had bitten through his lip in appreciation of the situation, I refrained from pointing out the numerous defects to handling him the way he had gone about it. Instead I passed out three glasses of Bala. Ian looked unconqueringly at the third glass.

"We have a visitor," I said.

"Tebek, Tuan," a pleasant young voice said from beyond the circle of light. There had been a friendly but mocking intonation in the voice. I grinned. "Come and have a Bala, Dirk."

Into the fire-light stepped what must have looked like an invincible figure to Ian. A powerful Malayan with light brown hair, dressed in almost impenetrable khaki.

"It's a fine tiger . . . and have a look," I said.

"Oh, before you go, this is Ian Simpson. Ian, this is your rescuer, Dirk Hight. He's good . . . with tigers."

It must have been rather disgusting to Ian in that he had been rescued by a powerful man of his own race. He looked at me, puzzled.

Dirk said in his heavily Dutch-accented English, "It was only that I happened to be the nearest." He too

did not say anything about the foolishness of leaving tigers alone. He went over to inspect his kill and chat to Durron and company in their own dialects. They rescued him with ease. Was this not Dirk Hight, Lord of the Tiger-Hill?

For two sayings, "What a shot he must be, and what splendid!" General admiration warmed his words. I could have told him that the Men of the Tiger Tribe, like the great cats themselves, are mad to learn with the ability to use in the dark.

Dirk came back, smiling. "You make a good bait, Ian. Have a fine tiger. I give him to you."

We talked the usual conversation of men who have just seen death together. It was late when I said, "You asked me this morning if any man had seen the other side of Gunung Meria and returned?" As soon as I said it, I was sorry, because I felt Dirk stiffen. I realized suddenly how difficult it is for a young man of twenty-three to be a hunter in his own life-time.

"Well?" Ian looked from one to the other of us eagerly.

"I have been . . . and returned . . . many times," said Dirk Hight. He stood up abruptly. "I am very tired and I must leave camp early tomorrow . . . do you mind?" He smiled his strange and smile. "I shall be pleased if you will wait me on your way back." He spoke formally, and there was a conscious loneliness about him as he walked away to where his bearers had made up a paddock.

Ian said, "So that's Dirk Hight. I've heard a lot about him. A bit hard a bit fierce, but there's something else, something more. You know, the way they talk about him I thought he must be very ancient."

I saw that the time had come to tell him the story of the man who came from the other side of Gunung

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Harris, and why he had become a legend in his lifetime.

At Trengganu Sultan stands a fabulous Dutch-Colonial house. It encompasses the whole of the river bend and down from its great deep verandah roll open-courted gardens. If near there was a palace in the wilderness, it is this house with its great stone rooms, its opulent teak furniture, its marble and fine lines. And of this palace, and instead of all the surrounding land beneath the great knee of Gunung Harau, Dark Haid is unchallenged lord.

I have heard the story many times, and it may be that it has changed in the telling. It starts around 1870 when there came first to this island a big, fair Dutchman. Before him, no man had dared to stay long on the inhospitable shores of this island, and certainly no leader had dared to settle there in spite of far-spread legends of its hidden riches. And many men had disappeared forever or returned gibbering stories from the tortures inflicted on them by a cruel and hostile race of brown men whose "tiger-god" was reputed to dwell on the very summit of the Mountains of Ghazau. But Evert Haid taught his way ashore and up this dark river. He did not linger on the shores, but established himself at the very foot of the towering mountain. He battle had yet been taught on the mountain itself, and the brown men, fearing to meet the wrath of the Tiger-God, waited for the mountain to revenge this white man's affront.

When the mountain remained peaceful, they became cautious, but still they did retreat. Since the stranger had dared to settle at the very foot of their Mountains of Ghazau, they dared not dislodge him.

What happened in the ten years between the coming of Evert Haid and the opening up of the cool mine

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CAVALCADE, March, 1952 87

The doctor shook his head as if surprised by the small apparition.

"In this bundle that you see are two things," pronounced the child. "A paper which my uncle, the Rajah of the Tiger-men, bequeathed to me when he died, and the paper on a box which the white man who lived here gave to my mother, who is dead also. They are all dead and they have gone to Chongking Hsiao, but I am living and I have come bringing these things to the Tiger country." The child's voice pronounced the words carefully like a well-trained linguist.

The doctor untied the bag. Inside was a magnificently closed silver box, carved with the symbols of the Tiger Race, which the doctor recognized because he was a collector of such things. He realized also that it was precious and laid it carefully on the table. Then he pulled out a small lockwood box. All the time he was looking for words outside but the silence did not break. The lid of the box was tilted and appeared to form its own lock. The little native boy took it from him and moved the lid carefully so his small thin hands found were papers.

The doctor took them out and read that they were in Dutch. He read them while the white woman, from the belief of a life-time of service, sat the child on a couch and ordered Mydin to bring food for him.

With a dash back towards the silver box, Mydin obeyed. The child accepted these attentions graciously, but eyes always watching the doctor who read on. At last the white man looked up and into the serious eyes of the child. "Tebek, Teun," he said gravely.

Then he looked at the white woman and Mydin. "This is the child for whose coming, Evert Hols had waited," he said. "This is the son of Evert

Hols and of the sister of the Rajah."

The white woman gaped and looked again at the child.

"But this child is of the Tiger People and no white man has ever crossed the Mountains of Ghents and returned alive," he said incredulously. Then she looked closely again at the face of the child and knew that one man had crossed the mountains.

The doctor's voice was light with relief. "Don't you see? Evert has made a lasting peace for us. In this child we united our blood and the blood of the Tiger-Man."

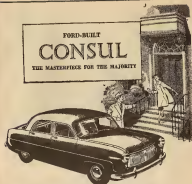
The woman's eyes fell to the papers he still held in his hand.

"This is his will. This house and all the lands of Tsungang Selen are for the child's and he trusts him to us to be educated."

The twilight darkened on his face as I finished. A pig grunted. A moth hovered over the fire. Iee looked beyond the circle of light, into the darkness. "That child was . . . Dick Hols!" he asked.

I nodded, smiling at my pipe. Next day we started down river. When we came to the bend where the very foot of Chongking Hsiao tumbles itself in the water, we pulled in to the stone landing stage that was so well hidden that on our way up, Iee had not even noticed it. Over the foot of the mountain we went, and up . . . up to where Tsungang Selen sits forever in the very lap of the Tiger God. And waiting for us was the man who belonged to the past and to the future of the land, in the shadow of the Mountains of Ghents and in the sunlight of the little settlement of the river's mouth. "Dick Hols! Hols!"

But Iee went forward to the lovely figure, smiling his bright smile, glancing the beard that hidged in this place—and I was glad of that.



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THE CORPSE ATE HEARTY

He was a painter of great skill — and the man who extended the murder was an artist in homicide.

For three days the sun had been glaring down at the park, and now the grass was dry and yellow, and the small round lake lay as quiet and bright as a forgotten cup of tea. There were paths curving diagonally through the park and on these paths benches were set at regular intervals where old men and marauders with canaries sat waiting for business. No one played checkers, there were no painted daydreams, no gump; even the children were lazing.

On one of the benches facing the lake sat two old men, silent and un-

intently, like purple back-cats. One was slowly munching a frankfurter, and there was so much staidly delight etched in the deep lines of his face that any passerby could tell that frankfurters were welcome items in his diet.

The other, a tall mountainous old man whose backfingh gloves were the last remnants of what once must have been a superb position, kept glancing furtively at the disappearing frankfurter, and shivering.

Slowly, relishing each mouthful, the old man munchered. It was not

until he was finished and regretfully wiping mustard and salt crumbs from his mouth that he noticed the shivering man at the far end of the bench. His brow furrowed in wonderment. "What's the matter?" he asked softly. "A chill?"

The second old man tranquilly shook his head.

"Don't you feel good? Maybe you shouldn't be out in weather like this. I had a friend once—"

"I feel good," the second old man said. His voice hoarse and ragged with an accent. He spoke so harshly that the one who had just finished the frankfurter winced.

"I feel good," he said again flatly and stubbornly this time.

The first old man shrugged and turned away. A moment later he frowned. Food tremors and numbness in his stomach had begun, pronounced feelings of fear and guilt. He hoped fervently that he wouldn't be sick that night, because if he were, his daughter would question him sternly, and then . . .

"In the old country I was a police inspector," the other man said suddenly.

"That so?" The first old man smiled, only too glad to forget how his daughter would scold. "I had a friend once—"

"For only three years I was a police inspector. Those days I was a man to look at. Young and strong. Shoulders like an ox . . ."

His eyes closed slowly and fixed broadly on the past. He had stopped shivering. The first old man smiled back, content to listen . . .

"Thinking, fencing, everything—all the apart, I was a champion in all of them. I would raise my arm to make a mistake, and the young ladies would gasp. I was slower too. I was considered the most pompous of all the

young inspectors.

"Then one day I was Lieutenant, my chief, called me into his office. 'Peter,' he said, I have an assignment for you. Routine. A man's been murdered. Froblov, an artist. It looks like simple burglary that turned into murder when this artist Froblov entered the room at the wrong time and surprised the burglar. Inspector Mablins was handling the case, but now he's sick at home. You take over, Peter. Go down and speak to the widow. Look around and prepare a report, and start the search for the man who did it. Good day."

"I obeyed and left. I had read about the murder in the papers. Froblov had been a painter of great talent, but very moody and depressing. Death and broken dreams—that's what he had painted, over and over again.

"The papers told how too years all the artists had agreed that he was one of the best, but that his canvases could never find any buyers. That this man who might some day have flowered into one of our country's greatest painters—I still remember how the journalists wrote — should have been killed or castrated, is a national shame and scandal.

"That was what the papers said. I was no student of the arts. To me it was another man, and I was out to catch the murderer. I was young and strong; I loved life and I hated death. Murder especially.

"I went to the funeral parlor where the body was lying. What was left of it the mortician lifted the sheet so I could see, where the hand had been, a tangle of red flesh and white bones. Whoever had killed him had loved blood—he had swung the blade again and again till nothing but red guts and glands were left where the face had been.

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AMPT 10

"I walked slowly towards the dead man's house. I wasn't happy at what lay ahead, ringing the bell and facing the widow. Women's tears I could never stand.

"Then the door opened and I stopped breathing.

"She was the most beautiful woman I have ever seen — and I have gone back and forth over the world more than a dozen times. Still as I was tall, delicate as I was broad, with a shadow of sadness graying her face. Her hair was thick and black, and it fell over her shoulders like one of those thick mourning veils that the women of my country wore then. Her eyes shone down deep inside blue-mantled hollows, and her pale lips kept trembling.

"I stared. I was used to barren country lanes, full-lipped and laughing. I had expected a drab, glass-faced widow. I had never even spoken to a woman like this before.

"Stammering and apologetic, I introduced myself. She smiled and nodded for me to enter.

"That house, I'll never forget that house. The walls were covered with all her husband's mangled pictures. They formed a design that made my eyes blink, half in fear and half in pity. These colour-clotting blood everywhere, mixed with additional tears-moils. I, a young rough police inspector, was rooted to the spot; you can imagine their power.

"The widow pointed to a chair with a beautifully flowered pattern. Finally I managed to seat myself.

"Please," I said, "tell me what happened."

"She told me, and as she spoke my heart heaved. I heard the faint rustle that had awakened her and her husband on the night of the murder. I saw her husband glide from the bed and enter the room where the deed crunched. I heard the first blow, the

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ugh, the third as her husband's body sunk to the floor, then the expected squawky bloom, again and again—till finally they stopped, and she ran on, only to find the bleeding pulp.

"After she was finished I sat for a long while, motionless. Silence kept mounting, like sand in an hourglass.

"Suddenly I rose, I had to do something, move about, look at things, not offend. I had to break the spell I was an inspector on duty.

"We were still in the room where her husband had been killed, and there in the middle of the rug was the dark stain of his blood.

"'Times' I said 'May I see where you slept?'

"All that was in my mind was to break the silence and the spell, and to get the widow away from that bloodstain. She sighed deeply and rose and walked towards the door.

"I followed. Slowly we ascended the stairs. The bedrooms were on the second floor, at the rear of the house. For a moment I was puzzled.

"How loud were the outside the murderous racket?" I asked "They must have been very loud for you to hear them here."

"The widow quickly raised her head and looked into my eyes. Her jaw tensed. Then she laughed bitterly. 'Alone Freidner was the highest of sleepers,' she said. 'He could hear rats moving silently along beams in the dark outside.'

"I scratched my head embarrassedly. 'Of course,' I said. 'Of course. I should have known.'

"His senses of touch, of taste, of sound, were never highly developed," she said, "then any man's in the whole world. He would shudder at cosmic fibres. Ordinary food made him ill. He ate only special blind dishes prepared by me . . .

"His voice kept rising in emphasis

I couldn't bear the thought that my stupid questions were increasing her grief. 'Times,' I said, 'excuse me, let me go now. I will not disturb you again.'

"So I left, and I walked through the city streets like a drunken man. For I knew what had happened. I was in love, madly in love with this woman whose husband was still unburied and whose murderer I had to find. I went to a cafe and sat there, I ate only drinks. Hours later I started myself to go back to my office. Work was work, and there was still much to do.

There were many papers piled on my desk. A dossier on the dead artist, photographs of his corpse exactly as it had been found, and the autopsy report.

"I read it, and the room began to vibrate about me. I paced it up and down my office, clanking and understanding my fate. Then I stopped. I knew what I had to do.

"Slowly I picked up the telephone. It took a long time before I could clear my throat to speak. Finally I asked for the number I wanted.

"I was answered by a clerk in the city's largest insurance company. I asked him a question. He told me to wait while he looked up some records.

"While I waited, I paced—who had never paced before—for his answer to be no.

"Moments later, the receiver placed to my ear, I heard him pick up the phone on his end. His voice came, dry and offhand, over all the long thin wires. 'You were right, inspector,' he said. 'I found the policy. Anything else I can do for you?'

"I said no hesitantly, and hung up. It took a moment for me to wry out my resignation and leave the building. As I was later I was on a train headed for the nearest airport. It was only those days to get jobs as a seaman

I sailed all over the world for twenty-four years before I settled down here. Now I am old."

He passed, shaking his parchment-white face, pausing for breath.

The old man who had eaten the breakfaster looked at him curiously. "What did you read that made you say?" he asked. "And why'd you leave the country? I don't understand."

The man who had once been a police inspector laughed bitterly. "The autopsy report," he said. "The analysis of the stomach's contents. The dead man's last meal had been sausage and beans."

"Eat?"

"So the dead man couldn't have been Freidner. Remember what his wife told me: Freidner ate only specially prepared blind dishes. Everything came to me in a flash. Poverty had crossed the already half-dead artist—he was healthy as steel could have pierced the way he did—poverty had exhausted him so that he decided to make money by any means."

"He had taken out an insurance policy, and he and his wife had killed an innocent tramp who resembled him in build. The woman I'd fallen so madly in love with was a partner in murder. If I'd stayed on, she'd have surely hanged."

"Were they ever found out?"

"I don't know, I don't know. I never read newspapers afterwards. I was afraid to."

The man slowly began to smile, and at last the old man rose from the bench. They talked slowly to the nearest exit, then went their separate ways without saying goodbye. Near the exit stood a blackboard, wooden. The air about him was spiced with garlic and frying, and a young boy was laughing around and smiling appreciatively, but the two old men shivered as they went by. "My daughter . . ." one thought fearfully.

"Remember . . ." the other thought with aching bitterness. "At last I've told someone—"

Soon after they were gone, and evening breezes flowed warmly above the sizzling lake.

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Talking Points

EYE WITNESS:

Cedric Montague, who writes "A 1938 Mustang Coupe" (page 11), was not only a fighting soldier and war correspondent during the war, but after the war he was a correspondent through the ruins of Europe a NE Government correspondent. His story in this issue is fact from his own diaries.

BREAKING STRAIN:

Miracles of engineering can strain in breaking-point, and so (page 12). People who drive across the Sydney Harbour Bridge in a wind know that the wind-force is enough to influence the steering of a car—but they can be comforted by the fact that this bridge was built with that wind in mind.

GHOST TOWN:

There are a number of ghost towns in Australia, but Cocktown is so well known that it seems wrong to rank it among them. Jack Parsons visited Cocktown not long before last Christmas—no more than six months ago. So the Cocktown he writes about (page 14) is the town of there and now.

JUNGLE JUICE:

Yveskie (page 20) is loosely spoken about and joked about—but veschie is nothing to laugh about. This expressed any of tropical emotions is anything but a pleasant spectacle. It is a tale of the jungle.

MYSTERY:

Some killers go to great lengths to hide the bodies of their victims, but the killer at Cannon Street (page 16) has never created a factor of mystery by leaving the body where it fell and drawing a blank about his own identity. And the story was so simple that the criminal was never caught.

GETTING AWAY WITH IT:

Do you fancy yourself as adept at getting away with something? Well, probably, with what? Lots of fellows think they're hell on wheels because a piece of silver deception didn't get undetected; but that's nothing! The sleight of the foot of these haven't been wandering men or rogues; they've been men like you—with imagination, guts and guts. And what has it done for them? The piece of colorful and imaginative fact on page 18 will put you wise—at once even "tip you off."



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